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L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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The Standard.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

At the fourth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association, held at Clarkson Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, 10th mo. 21st, 1842, the President being absent, Vice President Henry Grew called the meeting to order, and occupied the chair. The Secretary being absent, Caleb Clothier was appointed, pro tem.

By a minute from the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, it appeared that Lydia White, Margaret Jones, Sidney Ann Lewis, Hester Reckless, Sarah Pugh, Sarah Jackson, Huldah Justice, Mary Grew, Lydia Gillingham, Atlantic Warrington, Harriet Schneider, and Sarah Wise, had been appointed delegates to this meeting; who being called, were mostly present.

William C. Betts, Lucretia Mott, Daniel Neall, James Willis, Lydia White, Rebecca S. Hart, John D. Griscom, James Mott, Sarah H. Palmer, and Caleb Clothier, attended by appointment from "the Association of Friends, for promoting the abolition of slavery and improving the condition of the free people of color."

From the Union Free Produce Society, Sarah Hambleton and Eli Hambleton appeared as delegates.

On motion, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That all members of anti-slavery societies, and friends of the cause, who may be present during the sittings of this society, are invited to take part in its proceedings.

A letter from Wm. Goodell, of Whitesborough, New-York, was read; and one from Aaron L. Benedict, of Ohio, being offered, its reading was postponed until the afternoon sitting.

The report from the Executive Committee being read, was, after some discussion, adopted without amendment, as follows:

REPORT.

The Executive Committee, in presenting their fourth annual report, regret that the apparent fruit of their labor is of so small an amount. Yet, when the difficulties are considered, with which they have had to contend, the few who have taken interest in the object of their labor, the inability and indisposition of those few to contribute to its advancement, it is not to be supposed that much could be accomplished by the committee.

The object of our society is two-fold; to urge the duty of abstinence from slave-labor products, and to procure goods manufactured by free labor.

To place before the minds of the community this duty, addresses have been written, and as much circulation given to them as could be obtained by means of anti-slavery papers, into some only of which they have been copied; for we are sorry to know, that some of the editors of these papers do not feel this to be an important part of the anti-slavery work.—To obviate the difficulty arising from this fact, the committee decided to issue, occasionally, a small paper for gratuitous circulation; the first number of which has recently been printed.

It is painful to witness the inconsistency of the professed friend of the slave, while calling upon others to cease from oppression, voluntarily partaking of its gains; excusing himself by the plea of impossibility. Because *all* is not in his power, dot doing what he *can*; forgetting that if there were no direct purchaser or consumer, the trade would cease.

It is high time that abolitionists generally, all who revere the principles of justice and humanity, should be aroused to a deep sense of the inconsistency of contributing so largely to the support of a system iniquitous in its nature, and fraught in its practice with the most disastrous results to the moral and physical well-being of millions. For is not the indiscriminate use of the produce of the slave's labor as inconsistent and culpable as the use of intoxicating drinks by an advocate of temperance?—"Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost *thou* steal?" The anti-slavery cause is greatly retarded for the want of clean hands on the part of its advocates. It is time that the standard was exalted above the selfish calculation of dollars and cents, and the common brotherhood of man more fully recognized. It is in vain to plead, in excuse, "I am but one." Society is composed of individuals, each one of whom has his own part to act, and not another's. If "everybody" would abstain from the use of slave-labor products, who doubts that the system of slavery would cease to curse the earth? Who is "everybody?" Each one of us is a constituent part, and of course a sharer in the common responsibility.

To the members of this society we would earnestly recommend more earnest and efficient action, that they "may not have a name to live, and yet be dead." That you are fully convinced of the propriety and usefulness of the society, we would not express a doubt; we therefore ask in its behalf that your faith be shown forth by works.

By the accompanying statement of the committee on manufactures, you will be able to judge of the state of that department of our labor:

"The committee on manufactures report, that their operations for the past year have been conducted on a considerably enlarged scale. We have purchased more cotton than previously, increased the variety of articles, and made further reductions in prices. Our sales have also increased, although scarcely in proportion to the efforts which have been made to supply the markets. We have sold, since the last meeting, about three thousand dollars worth of goods. Although this sum is far less than we think it should have been, its smallness is to some extent to be attributed to the want of a sufficient supply of the articles most in demand, and the yet imperfect knowledge which exists with regard to the operations of the committee. The increased facilities for the transaction of business, afforded by the new location of the wholesale department at the anti-slavery office, combined with the exertions of J. Miller M'Kim, who has been appointed wholesale agent, it is hoped will add to the convenience of those who feel interested, as well as promote the interests of the cause.

The committee have been desirous to afford such facilities to abstinence people as would enable them to obtain a supply of all articles of cotton fabric, or something which can be advantageously substituted for what may be wanting. This, although perhaps not yet fully accomplished, has been so nearly attained, that it is hoped a continued interest in the object will soon do away with the excuse with which abolitionists have been wont to screen themselves, by saying, "We cannot get along entirely without using slave-labor goods." This object being in view, our attention has not been so much directed to some articles of heavy consumption, ready sale and profit, as we should advise in the future prosecution of the concern.

Exhorting you to increased interest in, and a more liberal support of, the good cause, we recommend this branch of it to your careful consideration.

WILLIAM C. BETTS,
DANIEL L. MILLER, jr. } *Committee.*
JAMES MOTT,

Philadelphia, 10th mo. 21, 1842.

William C. Betts, Thomas S. Cavender, Sarah H. Palmer, Eli Hambleton, and Sarah Pugh, were appointed officers for the ensuing year. A number of resolutions prepared by Henry Grew, were read, and their consideration postponed until another sitting.

Afternoon Session—Henry Grew in the chair.

The motion of Sarah Pugh to dissolve the association, being first in order, was taken up for consideration; and after an animated discussion, in which Sarah Pugh, Thomas S. Cavender, Abraham L. Pennock, Henry Grew, Lucretia Mott, Edward M. Davis, Mary Grew, W. C. Betts, Edward Needles, and Daniel L. Miller, jr. participated, the motion was lost, by an apparently unanimous vote.

During the consideration of the above question, the following letter from A. L. Benedict, of Ohio, was read:

ERU, DELAWARE CO. OHIO,
10th mo. 10, 1842.

DEAR FRIENDS—Your communication of the 27th ult. was duly received, and I improve the earliest mail to reply to it. Much as I would like to be present at the approaching anniversary of the American Free Labor Association, it will be impossible for me to attend it. But if a word through the medium of the pen will be any strength to the little band who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of slavery, nor kissed his image, but are laboring in meekness and quietude for the overthrow of this superlatively iniquitous system, keeping their hands clean of the blood of its victims, and their garments free from its stains; if I could say a word to these, to cheer them on in their righteous work, to encourage them to still stand alone and "be not partakers in other men's sins," most cheerfully would I impart it. You say "the cause of abstinence drags heavily." This I can readily believe. It always was, and always will be the case, while selfishness is the ruling passion of the human heart, that every benevolent work, which calls for much self-denial, or pecuniary sacrifice, will "drag heavily." The great mass of abolitionists, though they repudiate the doctrine of expediency when applied to slave-holding, are still governed by it, in the use of slave-labor produce. They acknowledge that we have no moral right to such articles, yet they see no way to get along without them. So the slaveholders acknowledge that slavery is wrong in the abstract, but circumstanced as they are, they feel justified in holding slaves. Now, the only question to be settled in regard to the matter, is simply this: Is it wrong to use the products of unpaid labor, or is it not? If it *is* wrong, it is wrong under *all* circumstances. If it is right, then slavery is not wrong. For if we can rightfully purchase the products of the unrequited toil of the slave, then the slaveholder can rightfully hold him as property. But if the slaveholder has no right to hold a human being as property, then he has no right to appropriate the fruits of the labor of such person to his own use, or to sell or give them to another; and if he has no right to *sell* them, then, certainly, no man on earth has a right to *purchase* them.

But this is arguing a self-evident proposition. It would be well for those who feel that they have no right to the proceeds of slave labor, yet excuse themselves on the ground of supposed necessity, to call to mind the declaration of the apostle, "He that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." There is a consciousness with most of the friends of the slave, that it is morally wrong to use the fruits of his unpaid toil; and still they use them: and thus their hands are weakened; and their keen perceptibilities of the sin of slavery eventually become blunted, and they stumble in the dark, and fall. Numerous examples of this kind have fallen under my own observation. Some have gone so far as to sign a written pledge to abstain from slave-labor produce, and then continue in the use of it, and at last deny the faith.

There are many who think that slavery will be abolished by political action, or otherwise, before it can be "starved out" by abstaining from the use of its products; but it is my firm conviction that it will be abolished by the principles of total abstinence from all participancy in its commerce. Witness the alarm and consternation the slaveholders of the far South were thrown into by the report that three vessels had gone out from Boston for supplies of India cotton. Meetings were held in South Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana, to concert measures for the better protection of the cotton interest. Was there ever any such alarm because abolitionists were attempting to abolish slavery, politically? Surat cotton and cornstalk sugar will soon tell vastly on the destiny of slavery.

You seem somewhat disheartened at the present unfavorable prospects of the concern. It is, indeed, sorrowful to find so few willing to sacrifice interest to principle. But you have no cause to be discouraged. Have you not *truth*, omnipotent truth, on your side? Has not He who said, "I hate covetousness," also said, "Ye shall reap in the end, if ye faint not?" Do not the signs of the times indicate that the time of reaping is not far distant?—The seed-time is past, and behold the fields are whitening, ready for the harvest!

The principles of abstinence are fast spreading in the West. The cause, this year, has received a new and powerful impulse this side the mountains. The free-labor convention, held in the 8th mo. at Greenplain, Clark county, Ohio, was a mighty gathering. No house in the vicinity being half large enough to convene the people, the meeting was held in a grove. It was decidedly the most interesting anti-slavery gathering I ever attended.—Ministers of various denominations, lawyers, judges, and statesmen, were present, and gave their hearty sanction to our principles and measures. At this meeting a resolution was passed, making the "Western Free Produce Society" auxiliary to the American; and the executive committee was directed to appoint delegates to attend the anniversary of the latter, to be held the 31st proximo. A committee was appointed to devise means for establishing a wholesale free-labor store in Cincinnati. It is proposed to be done by joint stock investments. Hon. Thomas Morris offered to invest his whole capital in such an establishment. Means were taken to have a society formed in each county where any of the friends of abstinence reside, throughout the States of Ohio and Indiana, to be auxiliary to the Western Free-Labor Society.

The present pecuniary embarrassment of the country, while it seems to retard the cause of abstinence from slave-labor produce, by crippling the means of the society, and preventing hundreds from purchasing free goods, will eventually advance it. For if times continue as they are, farmers will be compelled to manufacture all the articles possible, which they consume; and then there will be an end to the cotton trade. Thus circumstances, seemingly the most untoward, conspire to advance this great cause.

You ask me to suggest some plan for the furtherance of the objects of the association. I feel that this is seeking counsel from a very weak source. I cannot presume to form plans for those who have engaged in this holy work, whose wisdom and experience so far transcend my own. In looking to any efficient measures for promoting the objects of the society, I am met, in the outset, by an insuperable obstacle—i. e. the want of funds. Had the society funds sufficient to publish a paper exclusively devoted to the subject of free labor, and to send a dozen agents into the field, something might be done. One thought has been suggested while writing, which I will mention. Cannot the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society devote part of its funds to the purpose of supporting an agent, whose business it shall be to go through the country and form free-labor societies, and rouse the minds of abolitionists to a sense of the importance of abstinence from the productions of slave-labor; and of establishing a monthly periodical, devoted to this subject? Great good, I apprehend, might be done by some capable person being employed to visit the various sections of the country where abolitionists reside, whose sole mission should be to promote the cause of abstinence. And it would be necessary to have some medium through which to communicate to the public the result of such labors, and other matters connected with the concern. If this cannot be, will not the American Anti-Slavery Society set apart one agent for this branch of the anti-slavery enterprise? If not, let those who are in the habit of contributing to these funds, withhold a part of their contributions, and devote them to these purposes. At all events, there is one method within the reach of the association, by which, I think, the cause may be promoted; that is, to appoint agents in places remote, where it is known that any considerable number of the friends of abstinence reside, to keep a supply of free-labor goods for sale for the association. These goods might be sent on to such agents, by the committee, and held as the property of the association; and when sold, the money could be remitted to the committee. There are many places here in the West, where a large amount of such goods might be disposed of. If the association has many goods on hand, I think this would be a suitable way to dispose of them; but I merely suggest it for your consideration. I think persons may be found, who would act for the society in this way gratuitously, and with fidelity. I would be willing to act in this capacity, and give bonds for the faithful discharge of the trust, if required. And there are a great many persons who would buy such goods, were they placed within their reach.

In conclusion, let me assure you, and through you the convention, of my warmest sympathies, and my hearty co-operation with you in this great work of humanity and mercy. Press on, brethren, in this righteous cause, until all who are convinced that slavery is wrong, are likewise convinced that to use the proceeds of slavery is also wrong. You will meet with discouragements and besetments on every hand. You will be looked down upon by professor and profane, in cold contempt. You will have to contend with the avarice and aristocracy that surround you. Men in high places will make light of your conscientiousness, and consider your efforts as futile. But you must persevere through good report and through evil report. Your watchword must be *onward! onward!* The sighs and groans of the bondman come up to you from the Aceldama of the South, wafted upon every breeze, crying for help. Ye are bound to the cause ye have espoused, and ye must not, *ye cannot* turn back, come what will. The work in which ye are engaged is not yours, but the Lord's. To His keeping and guidance I commend you,

Very affectionately, your friend,
A. L. BENEDICT.

Evening Session.—Vice President Edward Needles in the chair.

The Treasurer's report was read and accepted. W. C. Betts and Lydia White were appointed to examine and settle it.

The committee to nominate officers, reported the following names, which, upon motion, were agreed to, and they accordingly appointed; viz:

President—Abraham L. Pennock, Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

Vice Presidents—Henry Grew, Philadelphia; Eli Hambleton, Chester county, Pa.; Gerrit Smith, Peterboro, N. Y.; Aaron L. Benedict, Columbiana county, Ohio.

Recording Secretary—Sarah Pugh, Philadelphia.
Corresponding Secretary—Mary Grew, "
Treasurer—Sarah H. Palmer, "
Executive Committee—Jas. Mott, Lucretia Mott, W. C. Betts, D. L. Miller, jr. Philadelphia; John H. Cavender, Philadelphia county; Lydia White, Thomas S. Cavender, Harriet Schneider, Rebecca B. Neall, Benjamin S. Jones, John D. Griscom, Edward Needles, Philadelphia.

The resolutions offered this morning by H. Grew, were taken up, discussed, and after several amendments, adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That whereas the principles of our association are founded in righteousness and common honesty, we will endeavor to maintain them, by our practice, by advocating and commending them to others; and by a kind, but faithful rebuke of those who reject them.

Resolved, That whereas the unjust gains from the fruits of the unrequited toil of the injured slave, is the object of the whole system of slavery, every partaker of those fruits practically assists in sustaining that abominable system.

Resolved, That with the covetous abolitionism, that is unwilling to make the pecuniary sacrifice which the use of the products of free labor demands, we have no fellowship.

Resolved, That those professed abolitionists, who are not disposed to abstain from the use of slave products, are grossly inconsistent in calling upon the slaveholder to give immediate freedom to his slaves.

Resolved, That the prevalent insensibility among the professed friends of the slave, in reference to the sin of partaking of the fruits of his unrequited toil, demands a more constant, faithful, and extended advocacy of our honest principle, and more fervent prayer for its general practice.

Thomas S. Cavender and John D. Griscom were appointed a publishing committee. Adjourned.

CALEB CLOTHIER, *Sec. pro tem.*

DAVID TURNBULL.

We mentioned, a short time ago, that this gentleman was on board a British man-of-war, off Cuba, it being considered highly dangerous for him to be on shore. The fact of his having written in favor of abolition, made him so hateful to the Cubans, that the British government thought best to send another consul to supply his place. But having great confidence in his integrity and prudence, they appointed him one of the mixed commissioners to protect those Africans brought into Cuba in violation of the treaty between Spain and Great Britain, for the suppression of the slave trade. The performance of the duties connected with this responsible office, though done in a peaceful and legal manner, render Mr. Turnbull very obnoxious to the wrath of slaveholders, (some of them English residents,) who find it convenient and profitable to violate the treaty, by importing new slaves for the market. We should not be surprised, any day, to hear that he was murdered.

The Savannah papers contain a statement furnished them for publication by the passengers in the schooner Burlington, from Cuba, which gives some interesting information. The Burlington, bound for New-York, was obliged, by stress of weather, to put into the port of Savannah. The passengers state, that on the 16th of October, a sloop, with English colors, appeared off Givara, having on board David Turnbull, a member of parliament, and one of the mixed commissioners of the African board, with authority from the British government to demand the liberation, not only of the English blacks, but of all Africans introduced into the island since the treaty of 1812. He presented himself in full uniform to the *commandante* of the port, and asked permission to proceed to certain plantations, with a view of prosecuting his intentions, stating that his vessel lay off the harbor during his absence.

The result is thus told in the statement of the passengers:

This the commandant positively refused, ordering, at the same time, the vessel to enter the port. On anchoring, she was boarded by the authorities, and found manned with negroes,—the pilot or captain of said vessel, one Tom Carter by name, a free mulatto, a Spanish outlaw, and perpetrator of illegal acts on this side of the island, and for whom, for many years, the Spanish authorities have been on the qui-vive. A guard was placed on board, to prevent any communication with the shore.

Mr. Turnbull then requested permission to proceed to the town of Holguin, where the governor of the district resides, desiring, at the same time, the protection of the authorities, and whether it were safe, and ordering a corporal and two men to accompany him, with strict injunctions not to allow Mr. Turnbull to enter into any plantation, or communicate with any one on his route.

On presenting himself at the governor's, he was recognized as the English consul, who had caused so much trouble in Havana a short time ago, and who only saved his life by flying for protection on board of the English guard ship here; and in consequence of opinions and acts expressed by him to the injury of the planters of this island, was ordered off, and forbid to return to any part thereof by the captain-general. He was arrested, and placed under the control of a double guard, no one being allowed to see or speak to him. Orders were likewise issued to place the crew and captain of the vessel in the fort, with the same restrictions, where they now are.

Mr. Turnbull and company will be sent on shortly by a steamboat, which is expected at Givara daily, to the Havana, to be placed at the disposal of the captain-general, the governor not being empowered to act in such a case.

The arrival of this gentleman has caused great excitement, particularly among the English planters, of which there is a number at Givara, and vigorous measures would have been adopted to prevent the furthering of his views, had the governor not taken such a decisive step.

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Extract of a letter from an Englishman, now a Spanish subject, written at Holguin, Cuba, October 17, 1842:

David Turnbull, Esq. arrived here last evening. On being recognized, the brigadier had him arrested. He protests for the violation of the laws, existing amity, and treaty between the two governments, are quite explicit and vigorous. The brigadier, however, has concluded upon taking him to the Havana. This step he has resisted with very powerful language, and promises, rather than go to the Havana, to re-embark and return in the same vessel to Nassau; but our brigadier is inflexible. Mr. Turnbull goes much against his will, to visit once more the capital of the Havana.

Selections.

AMERICA, BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SLAVERY.

The upholders of slavery in America—of the atrocities of which system, I shall not write one word for which I have not ample proof and warrant—may be divided into three great classes.

The first, are those more moderate and rational owners of human cattle, who have come into the possession of them as so many coins in their trading capital, but who admit the frightful nature of the institution in the abstract, and perceive the dangers to society with which it is fraught; dangers which however distant they may be, or however tardy in their coming on, are as certain to fall upon its guilty head, as is the day of judgment.

The second, consists of all those owners, breeders, users, buyers, and sellers of slaves, who will, until the bloody chapter has a bloody end, own, breed, use, buy, and sell them, at all hazards; who doggedly deny the horrors of the system, in the teeth of such a mass of evidence as never was brought to bear on any other subject, and to which the experience of every day contributes its immense amount; who would at this or any other moment, gladly involve America in a war, civil, or foreign, provided that it had for its sole end and object the assertion of their right to perpetuate slavery, and to whip and torture slaves, unquestioned by any human authority, and unassailed by any human power; who, when they speak of freedom, mean the freedom to oppress their kind, and to be savage, merciless, and cruel; and of whom every man on his ground, in republican America, is a more exacting, and sterner, and a less responsible despot, than the Caliph Haroun Alraschid in his angry robe of scarlet.

The third, and not the least numerous or influential, is composed of all that delicate gentility which cannot bear a superior, and cannot brook an equal; of that class whose republicanism means, "I will not tolerate a man above me; and of those below, none must approach too near;" whose pride, in a land where voluntary servitude is shunned as a disgrace, must be ministered to by slaves; and whose inalienable rights can only have their growth in negro wrongs.

It has been sometimes urged that, in the unavailing efforts which have been made to advance the cause of human freedom in the republic of America, (strange cause for history to treat of!) sufficient regard has not been had to the existence of the first class of persons; and it has been contended that they are hardly used, in being confounded with the second. This is, no doubt, the case; noble instances of pecuniary and personal sacrifice have already had their growth among them; and it is much to be regretted that the gulf between them and the advocates of emancipation should have been widened and deepened by any means: the rather, as there are, beyond dispute, among these slave owners, many kind masters who are tender in the exercise of their unnatural power. Still it is to be feared that this injustice is inseparable from the state of things with which humanity and truth are called upon to deal. Slavery is not a whit the more endurable because some hearts are to be found which can partially resist its hardening influences; nor can the indignant tide of honest wrath stand still, because in its onward course it overwhelms a few who are comparatively innocent, among a host of guilty.

The ground most commonly taken by these better men among the advocates of slavery, is this: "It is a bad system; and, for myself, I would willingly get rid of it, if I could; most willingly. But it is not so bad, as you in England take it to be. You are deceived by the representations of the emancipationists. The greater part of my slaves are much attached to me. You will say that I do not allow them to be severely treated; but I will put it to you whether you believe that it can be a general practice to treat them inhumanly, when it would impair their value, and would be obviously against the interests of their masters."

Is it the interest of any man, to steal, to game, to waste his health and mental faculties by drunkenness, to lie, forswear himself, indulge hatred, seek desperate revenge, or do murder? No. All these are roads to ruin. And why, then, do men tread them? Because such inclinations are among the vicious qualities of mankind. Blot out, ye friends of slavery, from the catalogue of human passions, brutal, lust, cruelty, and the abuse of irresponsible power, (of all earthly temptations the most difficult to be resisted,) and when ye have done so, and not before, we will inquire whether it be the interest of a master to lash and maim the slaves, over whose lives and limbs he has an absolute control.

But again: this class, together with the last one I have named, the miserable aristocracy spawned of a false republic, lift up their voices and exclaim, "Public opinion is all-sufficient to prevent such cruelty as you denounce." Public opinion! Why, public opinion in the slave States *is* slavery, is it not? Public opinion, in the slave States, has delivered the slaves over to the gentle mercies of their masters. Public opinion has made the laws, and denied them legislative protection. Public opinion has knotted the lash, heated the branding-iron, loaded the rifle, and shielded the murderer. Public opinion threatens the abolitionist with death, if he venture to the South: and drags him with a rope about his middle, in broad, unblushing noon, through the first city in the East. Public opinion has, within a few years, burned a slave alive, at a slow fire, in the city of St. Louis; and public opinion has to this day maintained upon the bench that estimable judge who charged the jury, impanelled there to try his murderers, that their most horrid deed was murder of public opinion, and being so, must not be punished by the laws the public sentiment had made.

Public opinion hailed this doctrine with a howl of wild applause, and set the prisoners free, to walk the city, men of mark, and influence, and station, as they had been before.

Public opinion! what class of men have an immense preponderance over the rest of the community, in their own power of representing public opinion in the legislature? The slave owners.

They send from their twelve slave States one hundred members, while the fourteen free States, with a free population nearly double, return but a hundred and forty-two. Before whom do the presidential candidates bow down the most humbly, on whom do they fawn the most fondly, and for whose tastes do they cater the most assiduously in their servile protestations? The slave owners, always.

Public opinion! hear the public opinion of the free South, as expressed by its own members in the House of Representatives at Washington. "I have a great respect for the chair," quoth North Carolina; "I have a great respect for the chair, as an officer of the house, and a great respect for him personally; nothing but that respect prevents me from rushing to the table, and tearing that petition which has just been presented for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, to pieces." "I warn the abolitionists," says South Carolina, "ignorant, infuriated barbarians as they are, that if chance shall throw any of them into our hands, he may expect a felon's death." "Let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina," cries a third; mild Carolina's colleague; "and if we can catch him, we will try him, and notwithstanding the interference of all the governments on earth, including the federal government, we will HANG him."

Public opinion has made this law. It has declared that in Washington, in that city which takes its name from the father of American liberty, any justice of the peace may bind with fetters any negro passing down the street, and thrust him into jail: no offense on the black man's part is necessary. The justice says, "I choose to think this man a runaway:" and locks him up. Public opinion impowers the man of law, when this is done, to advertise the negro in the newspapers, warning his owner to come and claim him, or he will be sold to pay the jail fees. But supposing he is a free black, and has no owner, it may naturally be presumed that he is set at liberty.

NO: HE IS SOLD TO RECOMPENSE HIS JAILER. This has been done again, and again, and again. He has no means of proving his freedom; has no adviser, messenger, or assistance of any sort or kind; no investigation into his case is made, or inquiry instituted. He, a free man, who may have served for years, and bought his liberty, is thrown into jail on no process, for no crime, and on no pretense of crime: and is sold to pay the jail fees. This seems incredible, even in America, but it is the law.

Public opinion is deferred to, in such cases as the following; which is headed in the newspapers—

"*Interesting Law Case.*—An interesting case is now on trial in the Supreme Court, arising out of the following facts. A gentleman residing in Maryland had allowed an aged pair of his slaves, substantial though not legal freedom for several years. While thus living, a daughter was born to them, who grew up in the same liberty, until she married a free negro, and went with him to reside in Pennsylvania. They had several children, and lived unmolested until the original owner died, when his heir attempted to regain them; but the magistrate before whom they were brought, decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case. *The owner seized the woman and her children in the night, and carried them to Maryland.*"

"Cash for negroes," "cash for negroes," "cash for negroes," is the heading of advertisements in great capitals down the long columns of the crowded journals. Wood cuts of a runaway negro, with manacled hands, crouching beneath a bluff pursuer in top boots, who having caught him, grasps him by the throat, agreeably diversify the pleasant text. The leading article protests against "that abominable and hellish doctrine of abolition which is repugnant alike to every law of God and nature." The delicate mamma, who smiles her acquiescence in this sprightly writing, as she reads the paper in her cool piazza, quiets her youngest child who clings about her skirts, by promising the boy "a whip to beat the little niggers with." But the negroes, little and big, are protected by public opinion.

Let us try this public opinion by another test, which is important in three points of view: first, as showing how desperately timid of the public opinion slave owners are, in their delicate descriptions of fugitive slaves in widely circulated newspapers; secondly, as showing how perfectly contented the slaves are, and how very seldom they run away; thirdly, as exhibiting their entire freedom from scar, or blemish, or any mark of cruel infliction, as their pictures are drawn, not by lying abolitionists, but by their own truthful masters.

The following are a few specimens of the advertisements in the public papers. It is only four years since the oldest among them appeared; and others of the same nature continue to be published every day, in shoals.

"Ran away, Negress Caroline. Had on a collar with one prong turned down."

"Ran away, a black woman, Betsy. Had an iron bar on her right leg."

"Ran away, the negro Manuel. Much marked with irons."

"Ran away, the negress Fanny. Had on an iron band about her neck."

"Ran away, a negro boy about twelve years old. Had round his neck a chain dog-collar with 'De Lampert,' engraved on it."

"Ran away, the negro Hown. Has a ring of iron on his left foot. Also, Grise, *his wife*, having a ring and chain on the left leg."

"Ran away, a negro boy named James. Said boy was ironed when he left me."

"Committed to jail, a man who calls his name John. He has a clog of iron on his right foot, which will weigh four or five pounds."

"Detained at the police jail, the negro wench, Myra. Has several marks of LASHING, and has irons on her feet."

"Ran away, a negro woman and two children: a few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M."

"Ran away, a negro man named Henry; his left eye out, some scars from a dirk on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip."

"One hundred dollars reward, for a negro fellow, Pompey, 40 years old. He is branded on the left jaw."

"Committed to jail, a negro man. Has no toes on the left foot."

"Ran away, a negro woman named Rachel. Has lost all her toes except the large one."

"Ran away, Sam. He was shot a short time since through the hand, and has several shots in his left arm and side."

"Ran away, my negro man, Dennis. Said negro has been shot in the left arm between the shoulder and elbow, which has paralysed the left hand."

"Ran away, my negro named Simon. He has been shot badly, in his back and right arm."

"Ran away, a negro named Arthur. Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk much of the goodness of God."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for my man Isaac. He has a scar on his forehead, caused by a blow; and one on his back, made by a shot from a pistol."

"Ran away, a negro girl called Mary. Has a small scar over her eye, a good many teeth missing, the letter A is branded on her cheek and forehead."

"Ran away, negro Ben. Has a scar on his right hand; his thumb and forefinger being injured by being shot last fall. A part of the bone came out. He has also one or two large scars on his back and hips."

"Detained at the jail, a mulatto, named Tom. Has a scar on the right cheek, and appears to have been burned with powder on the face."

"Ran away, a negro man named Ned. Three of his fingers are drawn into the palm of his hand by a cut. Has a scar on the back of his neck, nearly half round, done by a knife."

"Was committed to jail, a negro man. Says his name is Josiah. His back very much scarred by the whip; and branded on the thigh and hips in three or four places, thus (J M). The rim of his right ear has been bit or cut off."

"Fifty dollars reward, for my fellow Edward. He has a scar on the corner of his mouth, two cuts on and under his arm, and the letter E on his arm."

"Ran away, negro boy Elias. He has a scar on one of his arms from the bite of a dog."

"Ran away, from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes; Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost one eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken."

"Ran away, Anthony. One of his ears cut off, and his left hand cut with an axe."

"Fifty dollars reward for the negro Jim Blake. Has a piece cut out of each ear, and the middle finger of the left hand cut off to the second joint."

"Ran away, a negro woman named Maria. Has a scar on one side of her cheek, by a cut. Some scars on her back."

"Ran away, the mulatto wench Mary. Has a cut on the left shoulder, and two upper teeth missing."

I should say, perhaps, in explanation of this latter piece of description, that among the other blessings which public opinion secures to the negroes, is the common practice of violently punching out their teeth. To make them wear iron collars by day and night, and to worry them with dogs, are practices almost too ordinary to deserve mention.

"Ran away, my man Fountain. Has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead, has been shot in the hind parts of his legs, and is marked on the back with the whip."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars reward, for my negro man Jim. He is much marked with shot in his right thigh. The shot entered on the outside, half way between the hip and knee joints."

"Brought to jail, John. Left ear cropt."

"Taken up, a negro man. Is very much scarred about the face and body, and has the left ear bit off."

"Ran away, a black girl, named Mary. Has a scar on her cheek, and the end of one of her toes cut off."

"Ran away, my mulatto woman, Judy. She has had her right arm broke."

"Ran away, my negro man Levi. His left has been burnt, and I think the end of his forefinger is off."

"Ran away, a negro man, named WASHINGTON. Has lost a part of his middle finger, and the end of his little finger."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for my man John. The tip of his nose is bit off."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for the negro slave, Sally. Walks as *though* crippled in the back."

"Ran away, Joe Dennis. Has a small notch in one of his ears."

"Ran away, negro boy, Jack. Has a small crop out of his left ear."

"Ran away, a negro man named Ivory. Has a small piece cut out of the top of each ear."

While upon the subject of ears, I may observe that a distinguished abolitionist in New-York once received a negro's ear, which had been cut off close to the head, in a general post letter. It was forwarded by the free and independent gentleman who had caused it to be amputated, with a polite request that he would place the specimen in his "collection."

I could enlarge this catalogue with broken arms, and broken legs, and gashed flesh, and missing teeth, and lacerated backs, and bites of dogs, and brands of red-hot irons innumerable: but as my readers will be sufficiently sickened and repelled already, I will turn to another branch of the subject.

These advertisements, of which a similar collection might be made for every year, and month, and week, and day; and, which are coolly read in families as things of course, and as a part of the current news and small-talk; will serve to show how very much the slaves profit by public opinion, and how tender it is in their behalf. But it may be worth while to inquire how the slave owners, and the class of society to which great numbers of them belong, defer to public opinion in their conduct, not to their slaves, but to each other; how they are accustomed to restrain their passions; what their bearing is among themselves; whether they are fierce or gentle; whether their social customs be brutal, sanguinary, or bear the impress of civilization and refinement.

That we may have no partial evidence from abolitionists in this inquiry, either, I will once more turn to their newspapers, and I will confine myself, this time, to selections from paragraphs which appeared from day to day, during my visit to America, and which refer to occurrences happening while I was there. The italics in these extracts, as in the foregoing, are my own.

These cases did not occur, it will be seen, in territory actually belonging to legalized slave States, though most and those the very worst among them did, as their counterparts constantly do; but the position of the scenes of action in reference to places immediately at hand, where slavery is the law; and the strong resemblance between that class of outrages and the rest; lead to the just presumption that the character of the parties concerned was formed in slave districts, and brutalized by slave customs:

"*Horrible Tragedy.*—By a ship from *The Southport Telegraph*, Wiskonsan, we learn that the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, member of the council for Brown county, was shot dead *on the floor of the council chamber*, by James R. Vinyard, member from Grant county. *The affair* grew out of a nomination for sheriff of Grant county. Mr. E. S. Baker was nominated and supported by Mr. Arndt. This nomination was opposed by Vinyard, who wanted the appointment to vest in his own brother. In the course of debate, the deceased made some statements which Vinyard pronounced false, and made use of violent and insulting language, dealing largely in personalities, to which Mr. A. made no reply. After the adjournment, Mr. A. stepped up to Vinyard, and requested him to retract, which he refused to do, repeating the offensive words. Mr. Arndt then made a blow at Vinyard, who stepped back a pace, drew a pistol, and shot him dead.

"The issue appears to have been provoked on the part of Vinyard, who was determined at all hazards to defeat the appointment of Baker, and who, himself defeated, turned his ire and revenge against the unfortunate Arndt."

"*The Wiskonsan Tragedy.*—Public indignation runs high in the territory of Wiskonsan, in relation to the murder of C. P. Arndt, in the legislative hall of the territory. Meetings have been held in different counties of Wiskonsan, denouncing *the practice of secretly bearing arms in the legislative chambers of the country.* We have seen the account of the expulsion of James R. Vinyard, the perpetrator of the bloody deed, and are amazed to hear, that, after this expulsion by those who saw Vinyard kill Mr. Arndt in the presence of his aged father, who was on a visit to see his son, little dreaming that he was to witness his murder, *Judge Dunn has discharged Vinyard on bail.* The Miner's Free Press speaks *in terms of merited rebuke* at the outrage on the feelings of the people of Wiskonsan. Vinyard was within arm's length of Mr. Arndt when he took such deadly aim at him, that he never spoke. Vinyard might at pleasure, being so near, have only wounded him, but he chose to kill him."

"*Murder.*—By a letter in a St. Louis paper of the 14th, we notice a terrible outrage at Burlington Iowa. A Mr. Bridgman having had a difficulty with a citizen of the place, Mr. Ross, a brother-in-law of the latter provided himself with one of Colt's revolving pistols, met Mr. B. in the street, and *discharged the contents of five of the barrels at him—each shot taking effect.* Mr. B. though horribly wounded, and dying, returned the fire, and killed Ross on the spot."

"*Terrible death of Robert Potter.*—From the Caddo Gazette, of the 12th inst. we learn the frightful death of Col. Robert Potter. . . . . He was beset in his house by an enemy, named Rose. He sprang from his couch, seized his gun, and, in his nightclothes, rushed from the house. For about two hundred yards, his speed seemed to defy his pursuers; but, getting entangled in a thicket, he was captured. Rose told him *that he intended to act a generous part*, and give him a chance for his life. He then told Potter he might run, and he should not be interrupted till he had reached a certain distance. Potter started at the word of command; and before a gun was fired, he had reached the lake. His first impulse was to jump in the water and to dive for it, which he did. Rose was close behind him, and formed his men on the bank, ready to shoot him as he rose. In a few seconds he came up to breathe; and scarce had his head reached the sur-

face of the water, after it was completely riddled with the shot of their guns; and he sunk, to rise no more."

"*Murder in Arkansas.*—We understand that a severe *rencontre came off* a few days since in the Seneca nation, between Mr. *Loose*, the clerk of the mixed band of the Senecas, Quapaw, and Shawnees, and Mr. James Gillespie, of the mercantile firm of Thomas G. Allison & Co. of Maysville, Benton county, Arkansas, in which the latter was slain with a bowie-knife. Some difficulty had for sometime existed between the parties. It is said that Major Gillespie brought on the attack with a cane. A severe conflict ensued; during which two pistols were fired by Gillespie, and one by Loose. Loose then stabbed Gillespie with one of those never-failing weapons, a bowie-knife. The death of Major G. is much regretted, as he was a liberal-minded and energetic man. Since the above was in type, we have learned that Major Allison has stated to some of our citizens in town that Mr. Loose gave the first blow. We forbear to give any particulars, as *the matter will be the subject of judicial investigation.*"

"*Foul Deed.*—The steamer Thames, just from Missouri, brought us a handbill, offering a reward of $500 for the person who assassinated Lilburn W. Boggs, late governor of this State, at Independence, on the night of the 6th inst. Governor Boggs, it is stated in a memorandum, was not dead, but mortally wounded.

Since the above was written, we received a note from the clerk of the Thames, giving the following particulars. Governor Boggs was shot by some villain on Friday, 6th inst. in the evening, while sitting in a room in his own house, in Independence. His son, a boy, hearing a report, ran into the room, and found the governor sitting in his chair, with his jaw fallen down, and his head leaning back; on discovering the injury done his father, he gave the alarm. Foot-tracks were found in the garden below the window, and a pistol picked up, supposed to have been overloaded, and thrown from the hand of the scoundrel who fired it. Three buckshots, of a heavy load, took effect; one going through his mouth, one into his brain, and another probably in or near the brain; all going into the back part of the neck and head. The governor was still alive on the morning of the 7th; but no hopes of his recovery, by his friends, and but slight hopes from his physicians.

A man was suspected, and the sheriff most probably has possession of him by this time.

The pistol was one of a pair stolen some days since from a baker in Independence, and the legal authorities have the description of the other."

"*Rencontre.*—An unfortunate affair took place on Friday evening, in Chartres street, in which one of our most respectable citizens received a dangerous wound from a poniard, in the abdomen. From the Bee (New Orleans) of yesterday, we learn the following particulars. It appears that an article was published in the French side of the paper, on Monday last, containing some strictures on the Artillery Battalion, for firing their guns on Sunday morning, in answer to those from the Ontario and Woodbury, and thereby much alarm was caused to the families of those persons who were out all night preserving the peace of the city.

Major C. Gally, commander of the battalion, resenting this, called at the office and demanded the author's name; that of M. P. Arpin was given to him, who was absent at the time. Some angry words then passed with one of the proprietors, and a challenge followed; the friends of both parties tried to arrange the affair, but failed to do so. On Friday evening, about seven o'clock, Major Gally met Mr. P. Arpin, in Chartres street, and accosted him, 'Are you Mr. Arpin?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then I have to tell you that you are a ———,' (applying an appropriate epithet.)

'I shall remind you of your words, sir.'

"But I have said I would break my cane on your shoulders."

"I know it; but I have not yet received the blow."

At these words, Major Gally, having a cane in his hand, struck Mr. Arpin across the face, and the latter drew a poniard from his pocket, and stabbed Major Gally in the abdomen.

Fears are entertained that the wound will be mortal. *We understand that Mr. Arpin has given security for his appearance at the criminal court, to answer the charge.*"

I will quote but one more paragraph, which, by reason of its monstrous absurdity, may be a relief to these atrocious deeds:

"*Affair of Honor.*—We have just heard the particulars of a meeting which took place on Six Mile Island, on Tuesday, between two young bloods of our city—Samuel Thurston, aged *fifteen*, and Wm. Hine, aged *thirteen* years. They were attended by young gentlemen of the same age. The weapons used on the occasion were a couple of Dickinson's best rifles; the distance, thirty yards. They took one fire, without any damage being sustained by either party, except the ball of Thurston's gun passing through the crown of Hine's hat. *Through the intercession of the Board of Honor*, the challenge was withdrawn, and the difference amicably adjusted."

If the reader will picture to himself the kind of board of honor which amicably adjusted the difference between these two little boys, who in any other part of the world would have been amicably adjusted on two porters' backs, and soundly flogged with birch rods, he will be possessed, no doubt, with as strong a sense of its ludicrous character, as that which sets me laughing whenever its image rises up before me.

Now, I appeal to every human mind imbued with the commonest of common sense, and the commonest of common humanity; to all dispassionate, reasoning creatures, of any opinion; and ask, with these revolting evidences of the state of society which exists in and about the slave districts of America before them, can they have a doubt of the real condition of the slave; or can they, for a moment, make a compromise between the institution or any of its flagrant, fearful features, and their own just consciences? Will they say of any tale of cruelty and horror, however aggravated in degree, that it is improbable, when they can turn to the public prints, and, running, read such signs as these, laid before them by the men who rule the slaves—in their own acts, and under their own hands?

Do we not know that the worst deformity and ugliness of slavery are at once the cause and the effect of the reckless license taken by these freeborn outlaws?

Do we not know that the man who has been born and bred among its wrongs; who has seen in his childhood husbands obliged at the word of command to flog their wives; women, indecently compelled to hold up their own garments, that men might lay the heavier stripes upon their legs; driven and hurried by brutal overseers, in their time of travail; and becoming mothers on the field of toil, under the very lash itself;—who has read in youth, and seen his virgin sisters read, descriptions of runaway men and women, and their disfigured persons, which could not be published elsewhere; of so much stock upon a farm, or at a show of beasts;—do we not know that that man, whenever his wrath is kindled up, will be a brutal savage? Do we not know that as he is a coward in his domestic life, stalking among his shrinking men and women slaves, armed with his heavy whip, so he will be a coward out of doors; and carrying cowards' weapons hidden in his breast, will shoot men down, and stab them, when he quarrels? And if our reason did not teach us this, and much beyond; if we were such idiots as to close our eyes to that fine mode of training which rears up such men; should we not know that they who among their equals stab and pistol in the legislative halls, and in the counting-house, and on the market-place, and in all the elsewhere peaceful pursuits of life, must be to their dependents, even though they were free servants, so many merciless and unrelenting tyrants?

What! shall we declaim against the ignorant peasantry of Ireland, and mince the matter when these American taskmasters are in question? Shall we cry shame on those who hamstring cattle; and spare the lights of Freedom upon earth, who notch the ears of men and women, cut pleasant posies in the shrinking flesh, learn to write with pens of red hot iron on the human face, rack their poetic fancies for liveries of mutilation, which their slaves shall wear for life, and carry to the grave; break living limbs, as did the soldiery who mocked and slew the Saviour of the world, and set defenseless creatures up for targets.

Shall we whimper over legends of the tortures practised on each other by the Pagan Indians, and smile upon the cruelties of Christian men? Shall we, so long as these things last, exult above the scattered remnants of that stately race, and triumph in the white enjoyment of their broad possessions? Rather, for me, restore the forest and the Indian village; in lieu of stars and stripes, let some poor feather flatter in the breeze; replace the streets and squares by wigwams; and though the death-song of any such interposition is justified by any principle of public law, or any provision of our own Constitution. We mean the sort of interposition which in this case we suppose to have been made—an offer of mediation, backed by the guns of a squadron. It is certainly both lawful and consistent with Christian feeling, and duty, for the chief of any State to offer to mediate in behalf of peace, and for the preventing of bloodshed—and it is equally certain, that it is alike lawful for any independent State to decline such mediation, and without cause of offense to the party proposing it.

But when a mediation for peace is proposed sword in hand, from the decks of a fleet, it becomes a gross wrong and outrage, even without looking at the motive. But when the motive, as in this case, is to perpetuate the curse of slavery in a vast region, where the triumph of the Mexican arms would forever put an end to it, it may be well worthy the consideration of the free States, whether either public or constitutional law authorizes Mr. Tyler to interfere, *per se*, in a manner that may provoke war—which confessedly would be a war for the extension and perpetuation of slavery!

We are, indeed, frequently told that slavery is an institution with which we of the North have no concern. Now, for the argument's sake, grant this to be true as to the States of this Union, it surely cannot be true as to slavery in foreign nations; and although, by the compact of Union, we may rightfully be called upon to take up arms in the defense of slavery at home, we cannot surely be required to do the same thing for the preservation and propagation of slavery abroad—and that, too, without being permitted to inquire and discuss the why and the wherefore.

If it shall turn out that the President has despatched a squadron to Vera Cruz, with a view of giving effect to an offer of mediation—we trust Mr. Adams will not lose many days after the meeting of Congress, before he calls for information upon this subject, and for the authority under which such an armed interference (supposing the same true) with a friendly nation was made.

If, meantime, England and France shall instruct their ministers at Mexico to propose mediation, of course Santa Anna will yield, and hardly venture to pursue the conquest of Texas against the expressed wishes of these two nations, and the more significant interposition of the President of the United States.

Texas, therefore, in any event, is likely to be acknowledged by Mexico as independent—an event chiefly gratifying to us as rendering more doubtful and difficult the union of that country at any future day with these United States.—*New-York American.*

TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on Friday, November 4th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the interval which has elapsed since the last meeting of this board has been marked by the decease of one, whose counsels and services it has long enjoyed; and whereas, it is due to the survivors, as well as to the dead, that rare excellence should not pass away without a testimony to its worth being recorded, by those who knew it well while yet on earth; therefore,

Resolved, That we entertain a deep sense of the loss the anti-slavery cause has sustained in the death of our beloved brother, HENRY GRAFTON CHAPMAN; a sense arising from the knowledge which years of co-operation and sympathy have given us of his purity of character, his moral courage, his unselfish spirit, his unswerving fidelity to duty, and his earnest devotion to the cause of right and justice, especially as embodied in the anti-slavery movement.

Resolved, That our most affectionate sympathies wait upon our respected and beloved friends, the parents, widow, and other near relations of our departed friend; and while we feel that the commonplaces of consolation would be misplaced on this occasion, and that the serene and beautiful ending of so sincere and truthful a life would be dishonored by a selfish sorrow, we would still assure them that we will endeavor to mourn the dead as he would wish to be mourned, by striving to imitate the example he has left behind him of devotion to the great cause of freedom, which was so dear to his heart.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the parents and widow of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Liberator and Standard.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Cor. Sec.*

Communications.

LETTER FROM NANTUCKET.

I see, by the Boston Courier, that the friends of the fugitive Latimer could not be heard in the "*Cradle of Liberty*," because a *colored* man dared to lift up his voice in behalf of his "brother in bonds." This was not to be tolerated; his skin was colored; and this, according to the laws of many of our States, disfranchises him. But is it to be marvelled at that the *State* abridges the free spirit of the colored man, when nearly every *church* in the land proscribes him, and in effect, drives him from its communion? He may commune with infidels, only, on terms of equality.

What will not prejudice do? Sometimes I warn my friends not to subject themselves to its withering influence; but last First-day morning, I felt satisfied to observe entire silence, when a stranger from Boston, having her little slave boy at her side, observed to me at the breakfast table, that her prospect was to attend a particular meeting, and that she should take her little boy with her. The friend resided in St. Augustine seven years ago, and it was her privilege to purchase this boy, (then an infant of eleven months,) for $200, that she might educate him, and give him his freedom. At the hour, she took the child by the hand, and in ignorance wended her way to the meeting-house; little dreaming that her reception there (*as regarded the principle*) would cover her spirit with mourning, and inspire the resolve, to which she gave utterance in tears, on her return home, that she would never again go over the threshold of that church.

I omit the particulars; they are unimportant. But I am reminded of a question, which a kind friend who was acting against me, proposed, when I was in school committee, pleading the right of a colored girl to one of our public schools. "Mr. Barney," said he, "how can you expect that the *town* will be governed by a more tolerant spirit, than our *churches* are? Do you expect the *State* to be better than the *Church?*" If I were not nerved by the power of truth and principle, I confess I should sometimes be discouraged in my attempts to vindicate the rights of our colored population, with reference to railroads, schools, &c. when I feel the power by which I am opposed.

But will these things always continue? Will the Church be foremost in proscribing color, and will it, by its example, encourage a lawless violation of the rights of humanity? Will conscientious, reflecting men and women tolerate such anti-christian practices? Will they set at naught their brother, on account of his complexion, and yet presume upon their lips, that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and that "he is no respecter of persons," &c.? No; the truths which are promulgated by the Anti-Slavery Standard, Liberator, &c. are finding a place in many hearts, and the results will yet be apparent. I rejoice that these papers have a considerable circulation on the island, and that there are others who intend to subscribe for them. The people are seeking for light upon subjects which have hitherto had no place in their affections; and as the reception of one truth prepares the mind for another, I cannot but hope, even in the darkest moment of discouragement and doubt, that a better day is dawning upon us.

I have alluded to the riot at Faneuil Hall, which introduces us to the slave Latimer, imprisoned in Leverett street jail. I went to the court-house in Boston, last week, that I might for once behold a fellow-being on trial for his *liberty!!* I went, too, that I might there see a practical exhibition of those *laws*, which we are told are imperative upon the Christian, and which a good deacon, outside, told us were a *sufficient* guaranty to the slave dealer to his prey! But why do I refer to *State* laws? Are there not "Christian *churches*" which, in their corporate capacity, own, buy, and sell, men, women, and children?

I am reminded, in this connection, of the devotion of Stephen S. Foster and James Boyle, to their brother in bonds. We had engaged to go to Francis Jackson's to tea. On our way, we learned that the slave had just been carried, under guard, to the court-house. Foster and Boyle thought not of themselves, nor of their tea; they appeared to think only of the slave. They flew to the *rescue*, and I, *per* pedals, went to my repast, ere I turned my steps to the court-house. When I arrived at the door, it was guarded, and I was refused admittance. At last, I was admitted to an outer apartment, but was forbidden to enter the secret chamber, where *justice presided with her even-handed balance.* Without the house, and on every side, were hundreds of colored persons, determined, if opportunity presented, to rescue their brother, even though they suffered in the attempt. The moon was shining brightly, and as I approached the house, they seemed to recognize, by my dress, that I was probably their friend. The thought came over me—there *is*, after all, something in the *garb*; and although I have, perhaps, less reverence than some, either for the color or the shape, yet I felt, that for once, at least, even this exteriority gave, by *association*, a momentary gladness to the anxious multitude, by whom I was surrounded. They gathered around me, even as the child, when he feels that danger is near, gathers to the parent whom he loves. It was to me a thrilling moment; and I was a thousand times repaid for the trifling sacrifices I had made in the cause of humanity. I felt that *I* had done but little, that *I* could do but little: but at that moment, I seemed to realize how much the *Society of Friends*, as a body, *could* do, if they would bring their influence to bear upon slavery. Let me encourage them to be true to their profession.

But to return to my colored friends. I admonished them to bear the outrage imposed upon their brother, without resistance; to commit no violence. They told me the man had a wife, whom they had secreted, and whose utter destitution they could not describe. Still, I exhorted them to *bear* the wrong, and trust, that the day was at hand, when their bonds would be broken. O, no one could witness the feelings of that multitude, without a quick succession of conflicting emotions. Thought I, is the daring of our revolutionary fathers, the theme of rejoicing and acclamation? and shall the *accumulated wrongs* of the colored man find no advocate, except among those who are peeled, and hunted, and mobbed; whose names are cast out as evil?

I have said, I gained admittance to an outer apartment. Here, too, I was a stranger. I recognized no person, whom I had ever seen before. But directly, a man, apparently on guard, approached me, and addressing me very blandly, desired I would step out, and admonish the multitude that the slave was *not* in the house; and use my influence for their dispersion. He assured me that they would recognize *me* as their friend, and hence I had power immediately to disperse them to their homes. I replied, that I *knew* not whether the slave was in the house or not; and *without that knowledge*, I would not commit myself to the duty enjoined. It was well I did not; for the slave was actually there; and when the guard removed him, at the end of the evening, a rescue was attempted, and several of the poor blacks were cast into prison, and fined.

On that evening, I saw what a work anti-slavery had done. *Once*, a "fugitive" could be taken, and scarcely any one gave a hearing to the plea for justice and humanity. I trust it will never be so again. *Now*, not only the blacks, but every one of common sensibility sympathizes with the sufferer.

Let us bear in mind Whittier's lines to Garrison,

> "Go on!—for thou hast chosen well;
> On, in the strength of God!
> Long as one human heart shall swell
> Beneath the tyrant's rod.
> Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
> As thou hast ever spoken,
> Until the dead in sin shall hear—
> The fetter's link be broken!"

I went again to the court-house on the succeeding morning. There I met a host of free anti-slavery spirits, determined that Latimer should realize, if *their* influence would procure it, that "all men are created free and equal, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The events of that morning will never be effaced from my recollection, while consciousness remains.

Affectionately, thy friend,
N. BARNEY.

UTICA.

A letter from Utica complains that our correspondent from that place, week before last, greatly misrepresented the state of things. He denies that there was, during Abby Kelley's remarks on Henry Clay's Indiana speech, "disorder unequalled since the Utica mob of '35." He says, "There were indeed some expressions of applause, and some of a contrary nature; people were restless from their uncomfortable position, being jolted by the crowd; some foolish jokes were let of by fun-loving boys; and there were a few unknown rowdies, who set up a noise outside, and raised the cry of fire; but the audience had no connection with them, and they were immediately taken away by the watchmen."

We are glad to receive this contradiction, because it shows plainly enough that Utica is *ashamed* of the mob of 1835, and ill-disposed to reproduce it. The press of that city generally treat Abby Kelley's lectures very respectfully, and highly praise their earnest eloquence.

Our Utica correspondent replies as follows, to the charge of misrepresentation:

—

My last closed with a brief sketch of Abby Kelley's fourth lecture. The correctness of that report has been questioned; i. e. so much of it as alluded to the *spirit of '35*. I should be very happy to find myself in an error on this point, and am prepared to concede a great deal, for that purpose.

It is denied that there were any indications of a *mob*, (for it appears that this is the general understanding of the term, "spirit of '35,") but that the disturbance on that evening was occasioned by some dozen or fifteen rowdies. Well, I am perfectly content to take this version of the affair, and waive a defense of the report; simply remarking that, hereafter, I am to learn that there is a broad distinction between a gang of *disguised rowdies*, and "gentlemen of property and standing." The one are a "few noisy boys;" the other, par excellence, "the mob!" especially if headed by a first judge.

In this connection, permit me to add, that no one more highly appreciates the citizens of Utica, than your correspondent; and that his remarks were not designed to apply to her citizens generally, or even to the mass who were present on the evening referred to; and that imagination must have been strangely befogged to have made such an application.

I know of no place where anti-slavery, or any other subject, can be discussed with greater latitude or freedom than here. The absorbing interest manifested by our citizens in Abby Kelley's lectures, evince something more than a mob spirit; aye, something more than a tacit assent to those great truths uttered by her. The subsequent proceedings, in the organization of a society, upon the *old* anti-slavery platform, afford proof conclusive, that there *was* something more; that there were yet free spirits, lovers of the truth, untramelled by first, second, or third party.

Abby lectured on Saturday evening, and each subsequent evening, until Thursday; on that evening, we proceeded to the organization of a UTICA CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, *auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society*, and enrolled some fifty names. A number of resolutions were introduced, the discussion of which occupied the meeting the remainder of that evening, and also Friday and Saturday evenings, until ten o'clock and after, each evening. The meeting now stands adjourned to Friday evening of this week.

The amount of interest excited upon this subject is incalculable; it altogether exceeds my most sanguine expectations. I find myself often querying, What is it, that heretofore has smothered down this manly expression of our common brotherhood and sympathy for the slave? Why is it, that we, for the last two or three years, have had no access to the hearts and consciences of our fellow-citizens? I can attribute it to nothing else, than the unfortunate movement of our brethren, in organizing a political party. It has effectually cut us off from their sympathies; this, more than anything else, has excluded us from the churches; this has secured to us the epithet "political demagogues;" and this has made the question of anti-slavery an offense to almost the entire North. So that, instead of its arresting their attention, and obtaining a lodgment in their hearts, it has been treated with cold contempt; and the main good which has resulted to the cause, has proceeded from the direct and remarkable interposition of Divine Providence, as in the case of the "Amistad," the "Creole," &c. and the discussion, on the floor of Congress, of questions growing out of these events. So far as direct anti-slavery efforts are concerned, little good has resulted therefrom. Few, very few, anti-slavery men have been produced from the raw material, by so-called anti-slavery efforts. But I rejoice that a better day is dawning. The cry is for the "old paths," the "ancient landmarks." By these let us abide, "without concealment, without compromise;" always *for* the truth, never *against* it; always for freedom, never, no never, under *any* circumstances, for slavery and oppression.

May our efforts be untiring, well directed, and efficient in the great contest of freedom, versus slavery.

> The war cry of liberty burst on the ear,
> Her legions are charging with fetterless speed;
> Yet not in the strength of the buckler and spear,
> Nor the prancing in pride of the iron-hoofed steed.
> The weapons of death are cast down to the sod,
> The TRUTH, in its pureness, made mighty by God,
> To trample the minions of error in dust,
> Is our vanguard, our rere-ward, our strength, and our trust.
>
> R.

WALLER FREEMAN.

The following are true copies of papers relating to the character of this interesting individual:

—

The bearer of this paper, Waller Freeman, a free man of color, now of the city of Raleigh, being about to remove to some other part of the United States, in search of a home, has applied to me for a statement of what I know of his character and conduct.

I have known Waller for more that twenty years. Until the year 1828, he was the slave of the late James F. Taylor, (during his life attorney-general of North Carolina,) with whom I was upon terms of intimacy and friendship. I know that he was regarded by Mr. Taylor as an attached, honest, and faithful servant, and was treated by him accordingly. After the death of Mr. Taylor, in 1828, Waller was sold. I owned his wife; and to prevent their separation, and at his wife's earnest desire, I purchased him. Several years afterwards, I sold Waller, at his own request, to his father, (a free man of color,) and he has been emancipated in New-York, or elsewhere. Our laws not recognizing such an emancipation, nor allowing his remaining here as a free man, he is obliged to emigrate. Under these circumstances, I take great pleasure in saying, what is due to him and to truth to say, that, in my decided judement, after all the opportunities I have had of knowing him, he is an honest, industrious, peaceable, and in all respects a well-behaved man; worthy of trust, able, and willing to work; and I cheerfully commend him, as such, to the people of any section of our country, in which he may settle himself.

(Signed,) GEO. E. BADGER.

I ought to have said above, what I now add. Not only is Waller's *general* behaviour such as I have stated above, but that *not an instance* has happened in which he has been guilty, or suspected to have been guilty, of any deviation from integrity, or any violation of peace, sobriety, or decorum, so far as I know, or have heard.

(Signed,) GEO. E. BADGER.

RALEIGH, 7th April, 1841.

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Waller Freeman has permission to purchase his wife and six children, upon the following terms, to wit:

To pay $1,800 in cash, or such part of it as he can now raise, and the balance in six or nine months; giving a note, with unquestionable security, with interest from the date.

(Signed,) L. B. HARDIN, *Agent.*

FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

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The bearer, Waller Freeman, a respectable, industrious, and Christian free man of color, and a mechanic, (as his letters of recommendation will show,) having obtained the privilege of purchasing his wife, and six children, for the sum of eighteen hundred dollars, within the short space of nine months, and being unable to raise the desired amount, within the time specified, by his own industry, does, in this general manner, venture upon a humane public, and the friends generally, humbly soliciting such aid and assistance, as their liberality and kindness may enable them to give.

—

Of the amount required, I have accumulated by me, by my own exertions and labor, $250, together with a lot of ground in Raleigh, N. C. valued at about $60. All of which I surrender up, on my first payment.

(Signed,) WALLER FREEMAN.

—

I have known Waller Freeman (a man of color) for more than twenty years. He belonged formerly to the late James F. Taylor, Esq. After Mr. Taylor's death, about twelve years ago, I bought him, and he continued my property for several years, when I sold him to his father, a free man of color. For fourteen years past he has had for a wife a female slave of mine, by whom he has a large family of children; and has, of course, both before and since my ownership of him, lived on my lot in Raleigh, and almost all the time on the same lot on which my family resided.

I feel it due to truth and justice to say, that Waller has sustained, during the whole time since I first knew him, an excellent character. The late Mr. Taylor always reposed entire confidence in his integrity and faithfulness, and I am satisfied was not, in any instance, deceived in his just expectations. I was upon the most friendly and intimate terms with Mr. Taylor, and feel confident I speak, in what I have said, his settled opinion. For fourteen years past, I can speak with the best opportunities of forming a correct judgment of my own; and I hesitate not to declare that his whole deportment, during that period, has been that of an honest, industrious, decent, quiet, and well-behaved MAN; *that he has always seemed to know and to keep within the limits which his station and color, in our society, prescribe*; and I feel entirely confident that he has not, in a single instance, been guilty of intoxication, riot, insolence, quarrel, or profanity; but, on the contrary, has been, in his whole behaviour, as strictly correct and respectable as any man of color I have ever known. Had he been guilty of any act which could justly have detracted from the character I have given of him, I think, from the circumstances above stated, I could not but have heard it; and hence I feel a perfect confidence that he deserves all I have said of him.

☞ One fact may be added, as coming within my own knowledge, which, of itself, strongly fortifies my estimate of his principles. His children (though for several years he has been in effect a free man) are as thoroughly humble and submissive as any slaves I have ever known; and this submission, it would seem, must have been enforced and taught by the father and mother, as it appears in very early life, and is not the result of rigorous treatment from the white family.

Some years ago, when Waller applied to the legislature for emancipation, I had understood he had acted as a Methodist preacher or exhorter; *and being fully satisfied that a class of black preachers ought not to be encouraged, if tolerated, amongst us, I felt it my duty actively to interfere against his application*; and so I would do again under like circumstances. But I was soon after satisfied that I was mistaken *in fact*, and that he had not, at any time, assumed that vocation. And it is but just to him to say, as my settled opinion, (upon what I believe to be the best grounds of forming a just estimate of his behaviour and character,) that if there is any colored man in North Carolina *who can with safety be allowed to reside in the State as a freeman*, and of whom it may be confidently expected that the privilege will never be abused, that man is Waller Freeman.

(Signed,) GEO. E. BADGER.

NOVEMBER 18, 1840.

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The petition of Waller Freeman, with the accompanying documents, I regard as presenting a very strong case: and believing that *sound policy*, probably, requires the retaining of colored persons of *undoubtedly good character* among us, rather than send them abroad to be endowed with antagonist political privileges, I very much hope the legislature will give to the case a favorable consideration, and grant the prayer of the petitioner.

(Signed,) WILLIE P. MANGUM.

I agree in the foregoing recommendation.

(Signed,) WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

It is stated with confidence in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, upon the faith of recent private letters from Paris, that the French and English governments have determined to unite in offering their mediation between Mexico and Texas, to the end of inducing the recognition, by Mexico, of the independence of Texas, and of consolidating peace between them.

It has been said again and again, lately, that President Tyler, ever since it appeared that Mexico was seriously bent upon subjecting Texas, had expressed his determination to uphold that republic—and that, in consequence, a naval force had been despatched to Vera Cruz to give efficacy to the remonstrances which our minister, Mr. Waddy Thompson, might be instructed to make to President Santa Anna against his darling scheme of reconquering Texas.

Those who have marked the course of the southern States in regard to Texas, or who have read the recent address by J. Q. Adams to his constituents, in which he portrays, in colors of living light, the systematic, undermining designs of the South, either to sustain Texas as an independent, slave-buying republic, or to have her annexed, in the same character, to this Union—will readily believe that Mr. Tyler will not stickle about exerting at least all his constitutional authority in upholding Texas, and restraining Mexico.

But it deeply concerns the world to inquire, how far

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1842.

THE LATIMER CASE.

Honor to brave old Massachusetts! How the old free spirit rouses itself, and makes the slave hunter, and his base hireling agents, quail before it! The commonwealth is rising in its majesty, indignant at the insult of being made a hunting ground. Not for *this* was blood spilled at Lexington and Concord! Not for *such* result stood that firm barricade of free hearts on Bunker Hill! Let the slave hunter and his hirelings seek *other* ground than Massachusetts, for their vile game of venality and blood. There's mettle *there* that rings under a tyrant's touch, and the echoes thunder all along its rocky coast. Shame on the son of Massachusetts that will do the slaveholder's work for silver! Shame on the officer that makes slave jails of buildings belonging to freemen! Their children will burn with blushes, when the fact is mentioned; their grandchildren will hide it, as they would an ancestral record of horse-stealing. They will be as ashamed of it as they would of a father, who gambled with a robber for dirty coppers, and stole the stolen stake. Even now, all around them rises the scorching rebuke of their fellow-citizens; and the ears that do not tingle under it, might as well be nailed to the pillory as elsewhere, for all any benefit or credit they do to their owners.

The Liberator says: "The flame is spreading in all directions. We hear of but one sentiment—we perceive but one feeling; it is, that slavery shall not be permitted to ride over our bill of rights, the habeas corpus, and the right of trial by jury, with impunity—that Massachusetts shall never be slave-hunting ground—that LATIMER SHALL GO FREE! It is a tremendous question, and must be met and settled in the true spirit of liberty."

Public meetings have been held in Lynn, Hingham, New Bedford, and Sherburne, to consider the invasion of the rights of Massachusetts by the slave power. In Lynn, they adjourned from night to night. Their mettle may be judged by the following resolutions, passed by acclamation at an overwhelming meeting:

Resolved, That if, by the unfaithfulness of those who formed our present Constitution, the government of the country has proved incompetent to protect the rights of personal security, but has sacrificed habeas corpus to the law of slavery; and if the citizens of Massachusetts may be seized by any irresponsible stranger who may choose to claim them as slaves—then, by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, "it is the right and duty of the people" speedily "to *change* that government."

Resolved, That the decision of the judges of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, giving not only legal efficacy, but inscrutability to the order of James B. Gray, a Virginia slaveholder, *directing* the jailor of Suffolk to incarcerate a man without crime, is an alarming evidence of the encroachments of slavery, and is a violation of the national rights of man, and of the fundamental principles of common law, which belonged to us *before* the Constitution, and are more sacred than the Union; and that either by revision or impeachment, that decision MUST be reversed.

Resolved, That the rights of man are paramount to all constitutions, compacts, and alliances; and are to be asserted and maintained, as essential to the preservation of liberty, at whatever cost or hazard.

Resolved, That for a citizen of another government, claiming to act under the authority of his own State, to come upon our territory and seize our citizens, without form or process of law, IS AN ACT OF WAR, so decided in the case of the Caroline; and that for Massachusetts to submit to the outrage and remain open to such aggressions, is to reduce the land of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, and Faneuil Hall, to the condition of a conquered province.

Resolved, That if slavery be a *southern* institution, (as the South declares it to be,) then it does not belong to the North to sustain it; but if it be a *national* institution, then it is the duty of the North to crush it, as speedily as possible.

Resolved, That the crisis has come when the people of this commonwealth are called upon to decide, promptly and peremptorily, whether they are willing to act as the bloodhounds of southern men-stealers, or as the friends and champions of hunted humanity.

Throughout the commonwealth, the churches have been requested to offer public prayers in behalf of Latimer. Mr. Pierpont, whose brave soul always responds to the call of humanity and freedom, took occasion to preach on the covenant between the Jews and Judas:

"*And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.*" It was not his object, he said, to excite their indignation by dwelling upon the guilt of Judas in betraying his Lord, or on that of the Jews, in putting him to death. These were common themes. He proposed to consider the general question of *the binding force and obligation of oaths and promises to do that which is a violation of the law of God, or morally wrong.* He deemed this a peculiarly fitting occasion for the discussion of this question, when it is proposed to send back to chains and slavery, an innocent man, and when the only plea by which it is attempted to justify the deed is, that we have *promised* to do it, and therefore cannot go back. The essential morality of this case was the same with that in the one referred to in the text. It was for thirty pieces of silver that Judas covenanted to betray the life of his divine Master; it was for a similar, though perhaps a more tempting consideration, that a promise had been made to betray the liberty of innocent men.—The right to life is inalienable, and the right to liberty not less so; therefore, the essential morality of the two covenants was the same.

In a continuation of his discourse, in the afternoon, he proceeded to apply this principle particularly to the supposed compact found in the Constitution of the United States, for the restoration of fugitive slaves. "Suppose, said he, that I am a judge, and a slaveholder comes before me with his victim, demanding authority to carry him from that to a slave State. He bases his claim upon that clause of the Constitution which declares that 'No person owing service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping to another State, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' What shall I do? Am I bound, under this clause, to send a fellow-man into slavery? Suppose there were no such institution as slavery in our country; are there any cases to which this clause might be legitimately applied? It might, he thought, be applied to the case of a minor, who had escaped from his parent or guardian, and to the indented apprentice. These might be said, in a rightful sense, to 'owe service or labor.' But *can* it apply to the slave, who owes his master nothing, but to whom the master is himself in debted, perhaps, for the severe toil of a wearisome life? He thought not; and he must therefore disallow the master's claim, on the ground that a slave could not, in any legitimate sense of the word, 'owe' his master either 'service or labor.'

"But it will be asked, Do you not know that the clause in question was *intended* to apply to the case of fugitives from slavery? Aye, said he, I know it too well; but I know that such a covenant is contrary to natural right

contrary, therefore, to the paramount law of God, and and in derogation of fundamental morality. It is, therefore, to be disregarded. It is as if it were not. It can no more bind us, than a promise to assassinate a fellow-man; for liberty is inalienable as life. *I* will not say which of these gifts of God is most valuable; but one who stood in the front rank in our revolutionary struggle, said, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' In contending, said Mr. P. that this compact, if it means what it is said to mean, is null and void, I do not speak without *book*; (and then, taking up Blackstone, he read passages asserting the principle for which he contended, in the strongest terms; viz. that all human constitutions, compacts, and laws, which *contravene the law of God*, are to be disregarded and trodden under foot, as unholy and impious.) As a judge, therefore, he should feel himself bound to deny the slaveholder's claim. But, even if this ground were not tenable, said Mr. P. there would still be another way to escape the dreadful guilt of sending an innocent man into slavery. I could resign my office, rather than do so foul a deed; and my allegiance to God, as well as my obligations to my fellow-man, would *require* me to do this, if there were no other way to avoid such an act.

"I know, said Mr. P. this is strange doctrine in the ears of many. The idea is too prevalent among us, that the *Constitution* is of higher authority than the eternal *law of God*; that its provisions can override all the great principles on which the instrument itself is based. But no oath, covenant, compact, or agreement, under whatever circumstances made, which requires us to *violate the law of God*, or do anything contrary to fundamental morality, *can* be binding. All such oaths, covenants, and compacts, are not violable, but VOID, *ab initio*; and they must be disregarded, on pain of the divine displeasure. They are in themselves a sin: and to perform them, would only add to the guilt of their inception. Providence is now bringing the question distinctly before us, whether we will regard His law, or the law of man, of paramount obligation; whether we will obey the *dead fathers*, or THE LIVING GOD." *

For the benefit of those who do not fully understand the merits of this case, we insert the following, from the Emancipator:

George Latimer was held as a slave by John B. Gray, of Norfolk, Va. He says his former mistress emancipated him by will; that his mother saw the will after the old lady's decease, but the heirs destroyed it, and held him, until he was sold to Gray. Having no redress, he fled, with his wife, now on the eve of confinement, and came to Boston, where he was immediately followed by Gray, who had him committed on a charge of larceny in Virginia. This, it appears, was a mere *pretense*, in fraud of the law, in order to get him into possession without a breach of the peace, under the extraordinary decision of the supreme court, in the case of Prigg *vs.* Pennsylvania. Latimer's wife has not been taken. A habeas corpus was taken out, by Messrs. Sewall and Merrill; and Mr. Stratton, the officer who held him in custody, justified his detention, first under the police warrant, and then under a power of attorney from Gray, to hold him as a *slave*. Chief Justice Shaw said the decision of the supreme court authorized the owner of a fugitive slave to arrest him wherever he could find him; and the State courts could not interfere, and the writ, therefore, was discharged. Latimer was then taken before the police court, and ordered to give bail in $1000, for his appearance to answer. Bail was immediately offered; when, lo! the prosecution for theft was immediately abandoned—showing it to have been a mere fraud upon the law. Latimer never could have been taken by Gray as a slave; but being once in custody, and in irons, the false imprisonment as a thief was abandoned, and the poor victim removed to jail, where he is still held, under the following extraordinary warrant, which we wish every citizen of Massachusetts to read, and see to what base uses the commonwealth jails are prostituted. Such an instrument ought to be dated at Constantinople, instead of Boston:

To the jailor of the county of Suffolk: Sir—George Latimer, a negro slave, and belonging to me, and a fugitive from my service, and living in Norfolk, in the State of Virginia, who is now committed to your custody by John Wilson, my agent and attorney, I request and DIRECT you to hold, on my account, at my costs, until removed by me according to law. JAMES B. GRAY.

Boston, October 21, 1842.
Witness—E. G. AUSTIN.

Boston, Oct. 21, 1842.—I hereby promise to pay to the keeper of the jail, any sum due to him for keeping the body of said Latimer, on demand. E. G. AUSTIN.

It seems that if a southerner comes here to sue for a runaway *horse*, he carries on the suit at his *own* expense; if he comes for his *slave*, he does it at *our* cost. We wish the city authorities would cite the law for this. We should like to know, also, whether the jails of this commonwealth are to be used as lock-up houses for slave-catchers. If so, the legislature must look to it.

A writ *de homine replegiando*, under the statute of Massachusetts, was next sued out; but the jailor refused to obey it. A second habeas corpus was then brought, and again the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts decided that the above warrant is good authority for the imprisonment of a man! What will Westminster Hall say to that? The successors of Strong, and Sedgwick, of Parsons, and Sewall, and Fletcher, sanctioning such law! It is no law! And hereafter, it will be declared—either by reversal, or impeachment. Mark that!

The last words Dr. Channing uttered in public, seem almost prophetic of this exciting occasion. He says:

No other evil in our country but slavery, should alarm us. Our other difficulties are the mists dimming our prospects for a moment. This is a dark cloud, scowling over our whole land; and within it, the prophetic ear hears the low mutterings of the angry thunder. We in the free States try to escape the reproach which falls on America, by saying, that this institution is not *ours*—that the foot of the slave never pressed *our* soil; but we cannot fly from the shame or guilt of the institution, as long as we give it *any* support. Most unhappily, there are provisions of the Constitution *binding* us to give it support. ☞ *Let us resolve to free ourselves from these.* ☜ Let us say to the South, "We shall use no force to *subvert* your slavery; neither will we use it to *uphold* the evil." Let no temptations, no love of gain, seduce us to abet or sanction this wrong. There is something worse than to be a slave. It is, to make other men slaves. Better be trampled in the dust, than trample on a fellow-creature. Much as I shrink from the evils inflicted by bondage, on the millions who bear it, I would sooner endure them than inflict them on a brother.

Freemen of the mountains! as far as you have power, remove from yourselves, from our dear and venerable mother, the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and from all the free States, the baseness and guilt of ministering to slavery—of acting as the slaveholder's police—of lending him arms and strength to secure his victim.

I deprecate all political action on slavery, except for one end; and this end is, to release the free States from all connection with this oppressive institution—to sever slavery wholly from the national government—to make it exclusively the concern of the States in which it exists.

For this end, memorials should be poured in upon Congress, to obtain from that body such modifications of the laws, and such propositions to amend the Constitution, as will set us free from obligations to sanction slavery.

* * * * * *

Our duties on this subject are plain. First, we must free ourselves, as I have said, from all constitutional or legal obligations to uphold slavery. In the next place, we must give free and strong expression to our reprobation of slavery. The North has but one weapon—*moral force*; the utterance of moral judgment, moral feeling, and religious conviction. I do not say that this alone is to subvert slavery. Providence never accomplishes its end by a single instrument. All social changes come from mixed motives, from various impulses; and slavery is to fall through various causes. But among these, a high place will belong to the general conviction of its evils and wrongs. *Opinion* is stronger than kings, mobs, lynch laws, or any other laws for repressing thought and speech. Whoever spreads through his circle, be it wide or narrow, just opinions and feelings in regard to slavery, hastens its fall. *There is one point on which your moral influence may be exerted with immediate effect. Should a slave hunter ever profane these mountainous retreats by seeking here a flying bondman, regard him as a legalized robber. Oppose no force to him; you need not do it. Your contempt and indignation will be enough to disarm the "man-stealer" of the unholy power conferred on him by unrighteous laws.*

Let the blessed voice be heeded. Alas, that it speaks to us no more, in its eloquent tones of earnest tenderness! Yet being dead, he still speaketh. To the thousands of all sects, who love and reverence that gentle brother of the whole human race, we would commend his parting words: "*Whoever spreads through his circle, be it wide or narrow, just opinions and feelings in regard to slavery, hastens its fall.*" Here is work marked out for young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate. If every individual would do his appropriate share, there would be no need of anti-slavery societies. But as nine out of ten neglect their work, it is our business to rouse them, and be hated and cursed for our trouble. God be praised that we have the power and the privilege to make ourselves thus hated in behalf of down-trodden humanity! We have sworn that this guilty nation shall sleep no more; and by the might and majesty of moral power, we will *keep* our oath!

Among the means to effect this object, we rejoice to see the establishment of a tri-weekly paper in Boston, called "The North Star, and Latimer Journal," to be printed and widely circulated, till this important case is decided. The trial was to have been on the 5th; but was postponed, on account of the illness of Judge Story, and brought before Judge Peleg Sprague. Latimer's counsel asked for time to obtain testimony from Virginia; hoping to prove his assertion that he had been set free by will. The judge said that in a case where a man's personal freedom was involved, he felt it to be his duty to grant every possible indulgence, and accordingly postponed the case till the 21st of November. The object of the Latimer Journal is, meanwhile, "to give expression and force to the general sentiment of alarm and indignation at the encroachments of slavery on the soil of New England; to chronicle passing events; to resist the enslavement of citizens, by all *peaceful* means; by uniting the sympathies and the energies of all."

Hearken to its counsel:

"We call upon our friends here, and throughout the State, to give a voice to Massachusetts that will be *heard*. Bring home to yourselves the long control which slavery has exercised, and is extending over you,—the responsibility for this curse in which it is involving you. Look not for it at a distance, but see it overshadowing the free States of New England. It has engraved itself on our national charter, so that our laws cannot expel the slave hunter who comes amongst us—so that, if the southern slave rebels against the paternal rule and scourge, that WE must be ready to enforce his submission by fire and sword. It has taken possession of our national government, and gratuitously extended itself under its protection, so as to bring all of us under the curse and shame of the oppressor. It has destroyed our freedom of speech and petition in Congress, and rejected, with indignity, once and again, resolutions of the State of Massachusetts. It has passed a law in Congress stripping our citizens here of the right of trial by jury, if they are arrested as slaves, though their sentence may be more awful than death. It attacks systematically the free labor and interests of the North. It has now actually taken possession of our *soil*. It has seized on one of our inhabitants, ay, WHITE in color, and dragged him, without warrant, to prison. It has instituted a false suit against him, and retracted it with impunity. It has prostituted our jail. The habeas corpus has fallen before it. It has found chains, and a jailor, and counsel in our midst. It has procured fit support from a press which it has recently established. It has tried to silence Faneuil Hall by the violence of a few, when some of our citizens would remonstrate against it. We do not write this in a free State. It is a slave State—and we do not intend to stop at this conclusion. We mean that men shall *hear* of this, and if they are not slaves or infatuated, that they shall find a remedy. We will not molest slavery at the South if it stays at home, but we will not endure it *here*.

We shall do what we can, that Congress and our legislature shall be flooded with petitions *that the Constitution be altered*—that slave laws over *us* be annulled—that we shall secure *ourselves* from the kidnapper, and the fearful responsibility of oppression. We shall do what we can that public feeling shall so strengthen itself, as silently, but effectually, to protect and establish our freedom—that the slave hunter who profanes our soil, shall be loathsome to mankind, and that he who associates with, or counsels him, shall be leprous before all men.

We want Massachusetts to say this for itself in our columns. We want all our friends through the State to talk with their representatives at this time, and tell them what is expected of them."

This is a fit occasion to quote Whittier's noble lines to Massachusetts:

A voice is calling thee,
From all the martyr graves
Of those stern men, in death made free,
Who could not live as slaves.
The slumberings of thy honored dead
Are for thy sake disquieted.

The curse of Slavery comes
Still *nearer* day by day;
Shall *thy* pure altars and *thy* homes
Become the spoiler's prey?
Shall the dull tread of fettered slaves
Sound o'er *thy* old and holy graves?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN!
That curse may yet be stayed—
Stand thou, in Freedom's strength between
The living and the dead;
Stand forth, for God and Liberty,
In one strong effort worthy thee!

Once more let Faneuil Hall
By freemen's feet be trod,
And give the echoes of its wall
Once more to *Freedom's* God!
And in the midst, unseen, shall stand
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Fling from thy capitol
Thy banner to the light;
And o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,
For Freedom and the Right,
Breathe once again thy vows unbroken—
Speak once again as thou hast spoken!

I have spoken indignantly; for Massachusetts is my native State—loved as the warm heart ever loves the home of its childhood. A stain on her honor touches me like an insult to the memory of my mother. If tears were useful, I could weep that Boston had been made a slave-jail. If her free citizens can endure this indignity, let them call their city The Calaboose,* and let themselves out to southern tyrants, to do their flogging, at sixpence a back; asking no other holyday but the Fourth of July.

Let not the burning indignation, which this shame calls forth, be misunderstood for an appeal to men's *passions*, or the remotest vindication of an appeal to *physical force*. Satan *never* casts out Satan. Our reliance is on "*opinion;* stronger than kings, mobs, or lynch laws."

"Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race,
Which rises in their honored place;
A *moral warfare* with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might,
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in Him, whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons *He* has given—
The *Light*, and *Truth*, and *Love* of Heaven."

L. M. C.

* A prison in New Orleans, where slaves are sent to be punished.

* We give these remarks of Mr. Pierpont, as reported by a writer in the New-York Tribune.

CHARLES DICKENS.

On our first page, is a chapter extracted from his new work on America; of which, it is said, a hundred thousand copies were sold in a week. This chapter is by no means all he says about slavery, and the treatment of the colored people; hard hits at the peculiar institution, abound through the work. Those who feasted and flattered him, are vexed at heart that he does not praise all our virtues, and keep silent about our vices. The papers are of course, out upon him, in every form of railing and abuse. Nevertheless, we believe that a candid reader will admit that he is as willing to find fault with English customs, as with ours, where they seem to him wrong. To a man educated in the midst of moss-grown institutions and buildings, ours of course seem sharp, angular, and built for temporary purposes; but in giving utterance to this natural feeling, he evinces no malice; and he praises us more heartily than any traveller, except H. Martineau. A vein of caricature runs through the book, as it does through everything "Boz" has ever written. Like Hogarth, he can't resist the temptation, while making a spirited and life-like portrait, of adding one or two droll touches, that make it a caricature, while it remains a likeness. This book, like all he has written, is dimpled all over with humor, like sun-flecks on a running stream. Were it as judicious on the subject of *temperance* as it is on slavery, we could wish it scattered all over the country, like an equinoctial rain; but the *gusto* with which he describes certain drinks, is highly disgusting in a man so capable of enjoying intellectual excitement; in a *mere* animal, it would be more tolerable.

WALLER FREEMAN.

We have heretofore mentioned this emancipated slave, to whom the Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina, formerly a *northerner*, allowed the great "*privilege*" of purchasing his wife and children for $1,800, after toiling for him for years, without wages. The certificates, which were handed to us by the politeness of Lewis Tappan, contain many observable things. Waller Freeman is described as honest, faithful, intelligent, and in all respects of an excellent character; yet his master felt it a duty to interfere against his preaching; because "a class of black preachers ought not to be encouraged, if tolerated." Willie P. Mangum and William A. Graham, are both senators of the United States from North Carolina. They think that free colored people of undoubtedly good character had better be allowed to live there, "rather than be sent abroad to be endowed with antagonist political principles." How brave these slaveholders are! They are afraid even of the shadow of their chattels.

Freeman and his wife are both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. *Hon.* G. E. Badger is likewise a member of the Episcopal Church; he reads prayers night and morning; but his slaves are never present.

PENNSYLVANIA.

We would call attention to the notice of the Montgomery County Convention. We trust all friends of the cause in that region will do their best to have it well attended. Emergencies are constantly occurring, which show the great importance of having the public mind thoroughly abolitionized; especially in the frontier States. Let every one do his utmost to make slavery hateful in the eyes of all men. Times are fast coming, when we shall need the utmost array of public sentiment, which can be brought to bear upon the monster; if we have any hope of saving even a wreck of our free institutions.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 41.

I went out to Harlem, the other day, to see the great jet of water, which there rises a hundred feet into the air, and falls through a belt of rainbows. Water *will* rise to its level, as surely as the morality of a nation, or a sect, rises to its idea of God. They to whom God is the *Almighty*, rather than the Heavenly *Father*, do not understand that the highest ideal of Justice is perfect and universal Love. The *cannot* perceive this; for both spiritually and naturally, water never rises *above* the level of its source. But how sublimely it rushes upward to *find* its level! As I gazed in loving wonder on that beautiful column, it seemed to me a fitting type of those pure, free spirits, who, at the smallest opening, spring upward to the highest, revealing to all mankind the true level of the religious idea of their age. But, alas, here also is the stern old conflict between Necessity and Freewill. The column, by the law of its being, would rise *quite* to the level of its source; but as the impulse, that sent it forth in such glorious majesty, expends itself, the *lateral pressure* overpowers the leaping waters, and sends them downward in tears. Yet over the pearly drops, the rainbow smiles with heavenly promise.

If we had a tube high enough to defend the struggling water from surrounding pressure, it *would* rise to its level. Will society ever be so constructed as to enable us to do this spiritually? It *must* be so, before "Holiness to the Lord," is written on the bells of the horses.

I told my beloved friends; as we stood gazing on that magnificent jet of water, that its grandeur and its gracefulness revealed much, and promised more. They smiled, and reminded me that it was a canon of criticism, laid down by Blair, never to illustrate the spiritual by the natural. I have no dispute with those who let down an iron-barred portcullis between matter and spirit. The winged soul flies over, and sees the whole as one fair region, golden with the same sunlight, fresh with the same breezes from heaven.

But I must not offer sybilline leaves in the market. Who will buy them? The question shows that my spirit likewise feels the *lateral pressure*. Would I could turn downward as gracefully as the waters! uniting the upward and the downward tendency in an arch so beautiful, and every drop sparkling as it falls into the common reservoir, whence future fountains shall gush in perpetual beauty.

I am again violating Blair's injunction. His iron gate rolls away like a stage curtain, and lo, the whole region of spiritual progress opens in glorious perspective! How shall I get back to the actual, and *stay* there? If the doctrine of transmigration of souls were true, I should assuredly pass into a bird of Paradise, which forever floats in the air, or if it touches the earth for a moment, is impatient to soar again.

Strange material this for a reformer! And I tell you plainly that anti-slavery work lies around me like "the ring of Necessity," and ever and anon Freewill bites at the circle. But this necessity is only another name for conscience; and that is the voice of God. I would not unchain freewill, if I could; for if I did, the planets would fly out of their places; for they, too, in their far-off splendor, are linked with every fragment we perceive of truth and duty.

I meant to alight on some branch or twig of the actual; but I find myself in the air again. Nothing short of infinite space seems to give my soul elbow room this morning. But now I *will* come down to earth, and stay there, through the rest of this letter.

I have said that I would not, if I could, free myself from the necessity imposed by conscience; but there is a *false* necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the pressure of public opinion; the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Clark, will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Oh, thou foolish soul! Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wise for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, *be* loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, *be* free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, *be* frank to him.

"*Be* noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, *sleeping* but never *dead*,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

"But what will people say?" Why does it concern thee *what* they say? Thy life is not in *their* hands. They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee anything that is worth the having. Satan may *promise* thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre of it to give. He may *offer* much, as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, "Blessed are the meek, for *they* shall inherit the earth." Only have faith in this, and thou wilt live high above the rewards and punishments of that spectral giant, which men call Society. "But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented."

And what if thou art? Those who throw stones at what is above them, receive the missiles back again, by the law of gravity; and lucky are they, if they bruise not their own faces.

Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel; to cast from them, like ropes of sand, *all* fear of sects, and parties, and clans, and classes. Most earnestly do I pray to be bound only by my own conscience, in that circle of duties, which widens ever, till it enfolds all being, and touches the throne of God.

What is there of joyful freedom, in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other; and not a peep do we get, under the thick, stifling veil, which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves; and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work, or ride, he dare not, lest it seem impolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dare not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they both remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with a wiser freedom. If a visiter arrives, they say, "I am busy to day; but if you wish to ride, there are horse and saddle in the barn; if you wish to read, there are books in the library; if you are inclined to music, flute and piano are in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk with me, I can be with you, at such an hour. Go when you please, and while you stay, do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet, without invitation, and with the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always open doors to their friends. In one room, are books and busts, and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music; couples are ensconced in some sheltered alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who likes; but *eating*, which constitutes so large a part of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Reader, would you like to see such social freedom introduced into your own country? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion, that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under crust of your pies, than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk, according to her gifts; be thou assured that all *living* souls love freedom better than cake or under-crust.

Of *perfect* social freedom, I never knew but one instance. Doctor H——— of Boston, coming home to dine one day, found a very bright-looking handsome mulatto on the steps, apparently about seven or eight years old. As he opened the door, the boy glided in, as if it were his home. "What do you want?" said the doctor. The child looked up with smiling confidence, and answered, "I am a little boy that run away from Providence; and I want some dinner; and I thought maybe you would give me some." His radiant face, and child-like freedom operated like a charm. He had a good dinner, and remained several days; becoming more and more the pet of the whole household. He said he had been cruelly treated by somebody in Providence, and had run away; but the people he described could not be found. The doctor thought it would not do to have him growing up in idleness, and he tried to find a place, where he could run of errands, clean knives, &c. for his living. An hour after this was mentioned, the boy was missing. In a few weeks, they heard of him in the opposite part of the city, sitting on a door step, at dinner-time. When the door opened, he walked in, smiling, and said, "I am a little boy, that run away from Providence; and I want some dinner; and I thought maybe you would give me some." He was not mistaken this time, either. The heart that trusted so completely received a cordial welcome. After a time, it was again proposed to find some place at service; and straightway this human butterfly was off, no one knew whither.

For several months, no more was heard of him. But one bright winter day, his first benefactor found him seated on the steps of a house in Beacon street. "Why, Tom, where did you come from?" said he. "I came from Philadelphia." "How upon earth did you get there?" "I heard folks talk about New-York, and I thought I should like to see it. So I went on board a steamboat; and when it put off, the captain asked me who I was; and I told him I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I wanted to go to New-York; but I hadn't any money. 'You little black rascal,' says he, 'I'll throw you overboard.' I don't believe you will, said I; and he didn't. I told him I was hungry; and he gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed for me. When I got to New-York, I went and sat down on a door-step; and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I went in, and told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So they gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed for me, and let me stay there. But I wanted to see Philadelphia; so I went into a steamboat; and when they asked who I was, I told them I was a little boy that run away from Providence. They said I had no business there, but they gave me an orange. When I got to Philadelphia, I sat down on a door-step, and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I told him I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I thought perhaps he would give me something to eat. So they gave me a good dinner, and made me up a nice little bed. Then I wanted to come back to Boston; and everybody gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed. And I sat down on this door step, and when the lady asked me what I wanted, I told her I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So she gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed; and I stay here, and do her errands, sometimes. Everybody is very good to me; and I like everybody."

He looked up with the most sunny gayety, and striking his hoop as he spoke, went down the street like an arrow. He disappeared soon after, probably in quest of new adventures. I have never heard of him since; and sometimes a painful fear passes through my mind that the kidnappers, prowling about all our large towns, have carried him into slavery.

The story had a charm for me, for two reasons. I was delighted with the artless freedom of the winning, wayward child; and still more did I rejoice in the perpetual kindness, which everywhere gave it such friendly greeting. Oh, if we *would* but dare to throw ourselves on each other's hearts, how the image of heaven would be reflected all over the face of this earth, as the clear blue sky lies mirrored in the waters.—L. M. C.

CALL FOR THE FORMATION OF A NEW-YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AUXILIARY TO THE AMERICAN.

The want of an official State organization in New-York has been much felt within the last two years. Friends in different parts of the State have expressed an earnest wish that this blank may be filled without delay. The need of it to the anti-slavery cause, seems to have occurred simultaneously to the minds of individuals in various sections of the State. Such spontaneous evidence of a desire to see the energies of freedom vigorously active, is a louder call than could proceed from any caucus or party. We are sure that, under these circumstances, it is no more than to meet the wishes of a large proportion of the soundest abolitionists in the State, to announce that a NEW-YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be formed at Utica, on the 1st day of December, that being the last day of the session of the convention that will be held there in pursuance of notice already issued—see advertisement in another column.

Let there be a free and noble gathering at Utica, on the occasion. We hope the previous conventions at Rochester and Syracuse will appoint large delegations, and that the different sections of the State will be fully represented.

☞ We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Mason's foreign periodicals, which are republished with such marvellous speed, in a style always neat and correct. The Edinburgh, as usual, abounds with interesting articles; among which is an able review of Allison's History of Europe. Mr. Mason is about to republish The London Christian Observer, which has a very high reputation.

☞ Many thanks to the Pennsylvania Friend, who, in return for the New-York Letters, has sent me a root containing within it the doctrine of resurrection; for it comes with the promise that if buried in the earth, it shall spring forth a fair and fragrant flower. Would that the world's currency consisted only of flowers and kind thoughts!

Anti-Slavery Items.

MARYLAND LAWS.—We are informed that the Frederic Examiner, published in Maryland, declares that by an act of the last legislature of that State, any negro, having in his possession any abolition print, is to be sent to the penitentiary, for not less than ten, nor more than twenty years. Any person knowing that any negro has such publication in his possession, and not giving information thereof, must, upon conviction, be fined $500 and imprisoned sixty days. It is made the duty of the grand jury to summon before them, during every session of court, all the postmasters of the county, to give evidence touching these matters.

It is highly probable that this statement is true; for the diabolical institution can exist only by shutting out all light, forcibly or otherwise. This statement should teach our colored friends to be careful what they send, through the mail, to their relatives in Maryland.

LOUISIANA LAWS.—NEW ORLEANS, 12th Oct. 1842.—The police of the second municipality made a clean sweep yesterday morning of all free persons of color found on board the steamboats and ships within its precincts, and provided them with lodgings in the police jail—they will have an examination this morning before the recorder, and be sent to the criminal court for trial—from which they will probably be sent to the penitentiary for twelve months. The Salem Register says:

"This is the execution of a law to which we alluded some time since. It would seem that a cord strained up so tight as the laws protecting slavery in Louisiana must snap asunder by its own tension."

"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."—Major Noah, of "The Union," speaking of J. Q. Adams's Braintree address, says: "If a tithe of what this unhappy railer alledges against the conduct and administration of the country—legislative, executive and judicial—be true, Algiers scarcely deserved more to be broken up, as a nest of robbers, and the pest and opprobrium of civilization."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The Kennebec Journal referring to the numerous advertisements in the Washington papers of runaway slaves, says:—"If *all* in the District of Columbia would be good enough to run away, it would save a world of troublesome controversy, and relieve the general government in a great degree from the odium of protecting slavery by its authority, an odium which cannot much longer be incurred."

GEORGE BRADBURN.—A Bangor paper says: "Mr. Bradburn, of whom we made mention last week, has delivered several lectures in this city on the subject of American slavery. His auditors increased every evening, and were delighted with his eloquence as well as instructed by the facts which he presented. Arrangements are making to have him continue his lectures here to audiences of both sexes. And we predict for him full houses, for, whether opposed to his views or not, those who hear him, generally, can hardly resist an inclination to listen to him again.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.—We are sorry to hear that this paper is discontinued for a season, on account of non-paying subscribers. Says the editor, "if but one half of those who are in arrears would pay what they owe we should all be moving again."

OHIO CONVENTIONS.—By a letter from our faithful co-adjutor, John O. Wattles, we are gratified to learn that the recent conventions which have been held in Ohio, in behalf of the American A. S. Society, have produced a highly salutary impression. Those at Oakland and Cadiz were very large and interesting. At the former place, the concourse varied from 1,500 to 3,000. The meeting was held in a large, airy hall, erected expressly for the purpose. There were no sides to it, but a roof only.—*Liberator.*

FUGITIVES IN CANADA.—At an anti-slavery meeting at Stoke Newington, England, Dr. Rolph of Canada, then in Great Britain, made a speech, which is thus reported:—

Dr. Rolph noticed the interesting fact, that Canada now contains sixteen thousand persons who have escaped from the house of bondage, the southern portion of the American republic. He adverted to the high character given to these interesting emigrants resident in Toronto by an eminent Canadian judge, and their general good conduct in their new country, notwithstanding the highly unfavorable circumstances in which they had been placed, in a land polluted with slavery; and where the elements of knowledge are placed beyond their reach by revolting and sanguinary laws. He related the dreadful sufferings inflicted upon slaves who are retaken while attempting to escape, which are of so savage a character as to resemble more the acts of demons than of human beings. Dr. Rolph expressed his earnest hope that the loyal and valuable colored citizens of Canada would be effectually protected by the British government, as was at once its bounden duty and true policy.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be Parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged, $5,700

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For two weeks, ending 11th mo. (November) 15th.

The following persons have each paid $2: Wm. Norris, West Carlisle, Ohio; Elizabeth H. Prossee, Burlington, N. J.; Mary B. Stroud, Oakland, Ohio; Sally B. Stroud, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio; Edward Brooke, Marlboro, Ohio; Joseph Lukens, Wilmington, Ohio; Isaac Coates, Ribletts, Ohio; Abi Farquhar, Oakland, Ohio; Lewis A. Cottle, Daniel Dudley, Hopkinsville, Ohio; E. G. Potts, Springboro, Ohio; Christian Donaldson, Cincinnati, Thomas Donaldson, New Richmond, Ohio; John Mirick, Joseph Meriam, Princeton, Mass.; Benjamin Michenor, Zanesfield, Ohio; B. Y. Bently, Montrose, Pa.; Smith Leray, Aaron Hutchinson, Walpole, Mass.; Wm. Martin, Henry G. Nowell, and Benj. Cheever, Portsmouth, N. H.; Jesse Garretson, Joseph Garretson, New Lisbon, Ohio; Mrs. Wm. Sturgess, Brookline, Mass.; Philo Baldwin, Mr. Rullen, Sennett, N. Y.; Benjamin Rice, Northboro, Mass.; James Sherman, Milton, N. Y.; Charlotte Davis, Acton, Mass.; Eliza P. Hammond, New Ipswich, N. H.; Alanson Thorp, Syracuse.; David C. Ogden, Sweedesboro, N. J.

E. R. Wright, Marion, N. Y. $1; Elizabeth Bean, Belfast, Maine, $1; Terry, Warner, & Co., Rochester, $1; Mansfield Centre, (bundle,) Ct. $10; Abington, (bundle,) Ct. $1.67; Michael Richmond, Westford, Ct. $2.67; Tolland, (bundle,) Ct. $20; Serepta Martin, Brooklyn, Ct. $1.50; Asaph Martin, Hampton, Ct. $1.67; Jeremiah Loring, N. Yarmouth, Me. $1; John Randolph, New Lisbon, Ohio, $1; S. Bigelow, Boscawen, N. H. $1; Horace Gustin, Waterloo, N. Y. $1; Baxter Gilbert, and others, Darien Centre, N. Y. $7.; Pennsylvania A. S. Society, $180.

Donations.—Chester Burnham, Hampton, Ct. $1; Andrew Johnson, Brooklyn, Ct. $2; M. C. Whitcomb, do. $5; Daniel Holt, Hampton, $1; Boston Female A. S. Society, $50; Ann T. Green Phillips, Boston, $50; Francis Jackson, $50. ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

John C. Colt.—An urgent application has been made to Governor Seward in behalf of this unhappy man.—The governor declines interfering, on the ground that the case does not come within his pardoning or commuting power. He has published, at length, his reasons for this opinion; and those skilled in the law, deem them sufficient. The wretched prisoner at first received the tidings with apparent indifference; but when he realized that his doom was sealed, the boldness that has all along marked his demeanor, gave way to extreme dejection. He wept much; and this subsided into an appearance of wildness, bordering on insanity. He sent for his brother, who remained with him all the afternoon; he likewise desired the attendance of a clergyman.

Friday, the 18th, is fixed for his execution; and lest a Christian public should be cheated out of the hanging, no one is permitted to see him, except in the presence of the keeper; and he is kept shackled, to prevent self-destruction.

Had those opposed to capital punishment done one tithe of their duty, last year, this legalized murder might have been prevented.

Reward of Merit.—The "democrats" have elected Charles G. Atherton, of New Hampshire, senator of the United States, for six years, from the 4th of March next. He has been for the last five years in the house, where he has acquired enduring infamy as the author of the first gag resolutions ever offered by a northern man, designed to fetter the right of petition. The New-York American calls him Charles *Gag* Atherton.

Steamboats Burnt.—The Vermillion, one of the best class of high pressure boats, was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie, while stopping at Huron, on her way to Buffalo. One of the hands accidentally let fall a can of spirits, or turpentine, over the boilers. It caught fire, and almost instantly enveloped the whole vessel in flames. It is not known how many passengers perished; five bodies have been found.

The Maid of Arkansas, between Vicksburg and New Orleans, was consumed to the water's edge, together with 1,150 bales of cotton. The crew and passengers had barely time to escape.

A Short Memory.—Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, denies that he ever said, "If any abolitionist were found in South Carolina, he would inevitably be hung, in spite of the protection of this or any other government." He says: "The unjustifiable and ferocious sentiment attributed to me would have been particularly inexcusable in a representative from South Carolina; *whose history, I believe, is not sullied by a single act of popular violence.*"

Mr. Preston seems to have forgotten that the United States mail was broken up by a mob in Charleston, S. C. and all the abolition documents it contained publicly burned.

Basil Hall.—This sprightly and interesting writer has lately had a stroke of paralysis, and is laboring under severe illness.

George Steers.—This individual, one of the original six reformed drunkards, who laid the foundation of the Washington Temperance Society, died at Baltimore, on Sunday, the 9th ult. The survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, or of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, will scarcely be regarded with deeper veneration than will the survivors of this little band of moral patriots, as they descend into the vale of years, and in succession pass to the repose of the grave.—*Maine Temperance Gazette.*

NOTICES.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY CONVENTION.

There will an anti-slavery convention held in Abington, Montgomery county, Pa. on Monday and Tuesday, and perhaps Wednesday, the 28th, 29th, and 30th inst.; to which the people of the county, and parts adjacent, generally, and abolitionists particularly, are invited to attend.

The discussions and public addresses at this meeting, it is expected, will be of much interest. A large delegation of corresponding members will be present from Philadelphia; most of whom will be persons accustomed to public speaking. Among these may be mentioned Thos. Earle, B. S. Jones, Samuel D. Hastings, Henry Grew, Thomas S. Cavender, J. M. McKim, &c. &c. Samuel Aaron, and other speakers from our own county, will be in attendance. The convention will commence its sessions at 10 o'clock, A. M. Punctuality is requested.

It is hoped that there will be a full turn-out of the abolitionists of Montgomery. The friends of the cause at Norristown, Plymouth, Pottsgrove, and the upper parts of the county generally, are requested to take immediate and efficient measures to bring out a large attendance. To as many as may come, whether from our own county or from abroad, an hospitable reception will be extended.

JONAS WY

Miscellany.

HARRY BLAKE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

Somewhere about the time when the ill-feeling, which had long been gathering strength and venom, between England and her American colonies, was ripening into a rebellion, there stood on the road between Albany and Schenectady a fantastic old building, whose style had been hatched in the foggy brain, and whose walls had been reared by the sturdy hand of some Dutch architect. It was a substantial, antiquated house, time-worn, grey, but not dilapidated; half smothered in trees, with odd-looking wings stretched out in every imaginable direction, with little reference to uniformity or regularity. Sharp gables, with steps to the tops of them; jutted up among the green branches of the trees; crooked chimneys, forked for the benefit of storks, which never came there, and of all possible forms, were perched on the roof; some of them stiff and upright, like stark warriors on guard, and others twisting and bending, like so many inquisitive old fellows, endeavoring to peep into the narrow little windows which garnished the second story. But everything about it was solid, strong, and old. The very barns had a generous look. They were low, roomy, and extensive, with broad, wide doors and windows, and had a comfortable, liberal air, not unlike some sturdy, short-legged fellow, with a large stomach and ample breeches pockets.

From the lowest branch of a large sycamore, in front of this house, hung a sign-board, ornamented with the figure of a horse, of a deep blue color—a variety of that animal possibly common in those days, but at present extinct—indicating that it was a place of public entertainment. Such an intimation, however, was little needed in its own immediate neighborhood, for the Blue Horse was a place noted throughout the whole country round for its good ale, its warm fireside, and its jolly, jovial old landlord, who told a story, drank his ale, and smoked his pipe, with any man in the country; and so he could but get a crony at his bar-room fire, he cared little whether the fellow had an empty pocket or not, or whether the ale which was making him mellow was ever to be paid for. It is no wonder, then, that the Blue Horse became the delight of the men, and the horror of their wives, who wondered that their husbands would wander off at nights to old Garret Quackenboss's house, and listen to his roystering stories, when they could be so much more usefully employed in splitting wood, or rocking the babies to sleep at home. Rumors of their venom reached the ears of old Garret; but he smoked his pipe, closed his eyes, and forgot them. His customers did the same, and, in spite of conjugal opposition, the bar-room of the Blue Horse was rarely empty.

This bar-room was a large, barn-like chamber, with a wide, gaping fireplace, and great sturdy fire-dogs squatting in front of it, with huge logs of wood resting on and warming their hinder parts,—by the way, an application to warmth in a direction which has latterly become quite common, not only to fire-dogs, but to all frequenters of bar-rooms. Heavy rafters, blackened by time and smoke, crossed the top of the room, and from them projected hooks on which hung hams, hind-quarters of smoked beef, baskets, kettles, and various articles of culinary use. Over the chimney were several guns, covered with dust and cobwebs, and which probably had never been used since the landlord was a boy; but on which he now occasionally cast an anxious eye, as rumors of war and strife reached him from the more eastern colonies. Wooden chairs, wooden tables, a wooden dresser, garnished with pewter plates, shining like so many mirrors, and a huge arm-chair in the chimney corner, with Garret Quackenboss's fat body and jolly face in the midst of it, completed the furniture of the room.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a fine, bright day in autumn, and in this very room, and in the midst of a group of half-a-dozen men, with the face of the landlord of the Blue Horse shining out, like a red sun, from among them, that we open our narrative. They were all men of the same class as Garret—plain, sturdy, substantial—mostly farmers of the neighborhood, who had loitered in to pick up the gossip of the day; or those who, on their way from Albany or Schenectady, had dropped in to have a talk with old Garret, before indulging in that same pleasure with their better halves at home.

The subject, however, which now engrossed them was far from a pleasant one. It seemed so, even to the landlord, for he was silent, and turned a deaf ear to all that was going on; it being a fixed rule of his, to interfere in no man's difficulties but his own. And as this, which was a hot dialogue between two of the party, was evidently fast verging into a quarrel, after eyeing the parties steadily for some time, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and quietly left the room. Before closing the door, he turned and looked solemnly at the disputants, to let them see that, owing to their misconduct, they were about being deprived of the light of his countenance, and then shaking his head, and emitting from his throat a grumbling indication of supreme discontent, he shut the door, and went out.

"Come, come—stop this, Wickliffe," said an old man, one of the party, on whom at least Garret's look had produced an effect. "Don't you see you've driven Garret off? This dispute is mere nonsense."

The person whom he addressed was a short, square-built man, with a dark, sallow face, with a scar on the nose, and one crossing both his lips, as if he had been slashed there with a knife; a dark, black eye, that at times kindled and glowed, until it seemed a red-hot ball set in his socket; a low, wrinkled forehead, and lips that worked and twitched, baring and showing his teeth like a mastiff preparing to bite. And as he sat there, with his fingers working with anger, and his lips writhing, he was about as ugly a looking fellow as one would wish to see.

He turned slowly to the old man who spoke to him, and, snapping his fingers in his face, said, "D—n old Garret! let him go, let him; and as for this dispute with that boy, it's my affair, not yours; so don't meddle with what don't concern you."

The old man drew back abashed. But the opponent of Wickliffe, a young fellow of three or four and twenty, whose frank, handsome countenance, and glad eye, seemed a warrant of an open, generous disposition, now put in.

"Well, Wickliffe," said he, "if you will quarrel, I wont. I didn't want to drive Garret out of his own bar-room, and you know he never *will* stay where there's quarrelling. So drink your ale, and we'll say no more about this matter."

"But I *will* say more about it," retorted the man, half rising from his seat, and at the same time shaking his fist at him, "I *will* say more; and who'll hinder me, I'd like to know that? And as for you, Mr. Harry Blake, I *will* say too, that in spite of your big carcase, you have no more spirit than a woman. That is what I'll say."

"Well, well, say it, if you please," replied Blake, going to the fire and seating himself on a bench, in front of it; "I'm sure I don't care."

As he spoke, he laughed; and leaning forward, picked up a chip which lay on the hearth, and commenced stirring the fire with it, at the same time whistling, and paying no attention to what his opponent said, other than by an occasional laugh at his evident anger at being thus foiled. At last, however, Wickliffe, turning to a man who sat next to him, muttered something between his teeth, which drew the cry of "Shame! shame!" from those around him, and of which Blake caught but the words, "Mary Lincoln." But they brought him to his feet.

"What's that you say about Mary Lincoln?" said he, advancing towards the man who was looking at him with a grin of satisfaction at having at last aroused him.

"Nothing, nothing," replied several, at the same time rising, and placing themselves between him and Wickliffe. "Don't mind him, Harry; don't mind him. He's in a passion, and doesn't mean what he says."

"But I *do* mean it," shouted Wickliffe. "I *do* mean it; and I repeat it, Mary Lincoln is—"

"What?" demanded Blake, quickly, his eyes glowing with anger.

Wickliffe eyed him for a moment with a fixed, dogged stare; and it might have been shame, or it might have been a feeling of trepidation, at having at length aroused him, and at seeing the powerful frame of Blake, with every muscle strung, ready to leap upon him, that deterred him; for he turned away his head, and said—

"No matter, what. I've said it once, and that's enough. They all heard it."

Harry Blake's face, from a deep scarlet, became deadly pale, as he answered: "Wickliffe, I did not hear what you said, but I dare you to repeat it. If you do, and there is one word in it that should not be, this hour will be the bitterest of your whole life. I'm not the man to make a threat and not act up to it."

He stood for a moment, waiting for him to repeat his remark, and then turned on his heel and walked to the furthest end of the room; and as he did so, it was remarked by several, who thought nothing of it at the time, but who remembered it long after, when every word then uttered, and every action done, became important, that he ground his teeth together, and seizing a large knife which lay on the table, with his teeth still set, drove it into the table, and left it sticking there.

Still, his adversary did not seem disposed to give up a dispute which, it was evident, had already been carried too far; for he demanded, in an impatient tone—

"What's Mary Lincoln to you, my young fellow, that you bristle up so at the very mention of her name? What is she to you," continued he, becoming still more excited, "be she pure as snow—or, or, or what I will not name! G—d! one would think you were a sweetheart. A glorious pair you'd make! Your red-hot temper would be finely balanced against her sweet face and disposition. Sweet—very sweet—and so d—d yielding—and dovelike—that she cannot resist importunity, however improper—ha! ha! It makes me laugh."

His laugh, however, was a short one; for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, Blake was upon him. Exerting his great strength, now doubly increased by fury, he fairly swung the speaker from his feet, and flung him across the room, and against the opposite wall; striking which, he fell at full length on the floor. For a moment, Wickliffe lay stunned; but recovering himself, he sprang up, and shaking his hand at Blake, and saying, "My boy, you may take your measure for a coffin after this; for you'll need one," darted from the room. A speedy opportunity might have been afforded to him to have put his threat into execution, had not several persons sprang forward and seized Blake, as he was following, and held him back by main force.

"Don't stop me," exclaimed he, struggling to get loose, and dragging the strong men who held him, across the room. "Let loose your hold, Dick Wells, let loose your grip, I say," exclaimed he to one who held him by the shoulders with a strength nearly equal to his own. "Let me go, or I'll strike you."

"No, you won't, Harry," replied the other. "But even if you do, I'll not let you go on a fool's errand. So there's no use scuffling in that way."

Blake saw that nothing was to be gained by a struggle with so many, and so he said, "Let me go, I'll promise not to follow him. But mark me," said he, as they relinquished their hold, "you have this night heard this scoundrel defame one of the purest girls that ever lived, because he had a grudge against me, and knew that she was to be my wife. He shall pay for it, if it cost me my life."

"Come, come, Harry; don't be a boy," said the old man, who had before interfered with Wickliffe. "The man was half drunk, and quarrelsome, and saw that you couldn't stomach what he was saying, and so he said it. No one cares for him or his words. We all know that Mary Lincoln hasn't her equal in these parts. God bless her! I only wish she was my own child. Not but what my poor little Kate is a good girl; and kind and affectionate, too, poor little Kate is; but yet she's not Mary Lincoln; but Kate is a good girl, though; a very good girl." And the old man shook his head, reproachfully, as if there were a small voice whispering at his heart, that he should not have placed his own poor little Kate next with Mary Lincoln.

Harry Blake's fine face brightened, as he looked at the old man; and he took his hand and shook it warmly. "You're right, Adams—you're right. Mary needs no one to speak up for her. I see it. God bless you all for your kind feelings towards her. And now I think of it, Adams, tell Kate that Mary may not be Mary Lincoln long, and may soon want her to stand up with her."

"I will do that, Harry, I will," said the old farmer, rubbing his hands together, "and right glad I am to hear it; but, Harry, you'll not carry this quarrel further—promise me—I can trust you, I know."

Blake, however, laughed, and shook his head. "I'll think of it," said he. "'Beware of rash promises,' was what I learnt from my copy-book. But now I must go. Five miles are between me and my home." As he spoke, he turned from them and left the room, and in a short time was heard galloping down the road.

Harry Blake had not been gone many minutes, when one of the company, an old man, dressed in a suit of grey homespun, who had been sitting at the fire, an inactive spectator of the altercation, got up, and, turning to a man who was leaning carelessly against the opposite side of the fireplace, said, "Come, Walton, let's follow Harry's example. Our paths are the same, and we'll go in company; and as you are the youngest, you can get the horses."

The person thus addressed seemed to agree to the proposal; for, after yawning and stretching himself, he went out, and in a few minutes was heard calling from without that the horses were ready.

The road which they pursued was the same already taken by Wickliffe and Blake; and as they had far to go, and it was late, they struck into a brisk trot, so as to pass a dreary portion of it, which ran through waste and forest, before the night set in. Part of it was sad and solitary enough, shrouded with tall trees, covered with long, weeping moss, trailing from the branches to the earth, and resembling locks blanched by age. Dense and tangled bushes, with giant dead trees, stretching out their leafless branches over them, with here and there a solitary crow, pluming its feathers on them, crowded up to the very path; and in other parts there were miles of pines and cedars, shooting up amid sumacs and dwarf bushes.

They had passed that portion of the road, which had been here and there enlivened by farms and orchards, and were trotting briskly between two green walls of swamp and forest—a dreary spot—when suddenly, a sharp, shrill cry rose in the air. It seemed to proceed from the wood, a short distance in front of them.

They were both bold men; but their cheeks grew white, and they instinctively drew in their horses.

"Was that a shout or a scream?" said Grayson, instinctively turning his heavy whip in his hand, so as to have its loaded handle ready for a blow.

"It smacked of both," replied Walton. "Hark," said old Caleb Grayson, "there it is again."

Again the same piercing cry shot through the air, and went echoing through the woods, until it seemed to die away in a low wail.

"There's foul play there," shouted Walton, and striking his horse a heavy blow with his whip, the animal sprang forward at a full gallop. "There it is again. By God! it's some one begging for mercy."

"Stop, Walton," said old Caleb Grayson, suddenly reining in his horse. "Did you hear the name?"

"No."

"I did, and it was Harry. Can Harry Blake be settling scores with that braggart, Wickliffe?"

"God of Heaven! I hope not!" exclaimed Walton. "There was bad blood enough between them to lead to a dozen murders. Go it, Jack," said he, again striking his horse, "we'll be on them at the next turn of the road—the bushes hide them now."

A dozen leaps of their horses brought them round the copse of trees, which had shut out a sight that made them shudder. Within twenty yards of them, extended on his back, on the ground, lay Wickliffe, stone dead. Bending over him was Blake, grasping a knife, which was driven to the haft in his bosom.

"Good God! Harry Blake taken red-handed in a murder!" exclaimed Grayson, seeing Blake endeavoring to pull the knife from the wound. "Don't stab him again. Oh! Harry, Harry, what have you done!"

Blake let loose his hold on the knife, and started up as they advanced. He looked hastily about him; made one or two irresolute steps; but before he could make up his mind whether to fly or not, Walton sprang from his horse, and flung himself upon them. "Harry Blake, I charge you with murder!"

Blake stared at him. "Me with murder? Are you mad? Why, I didn't kill him."

"It won't do, Harry; it won't do," said Walton, bitterly, "I saw you with the knife in your grasp—in his bosom—and him dead. Oh! Harry! this is a sad ending of this afternoon's quarrel."

"Will you hear me?" said Blake, earnestly, "and you, Caleb—you are older than Walton, and less impetuous, listen to me. I came here but a moment before yourself. I heard a person calling for help; and galloping up, found Wickliffe dead, with this knife driven in his heart; and was endeavoring to pull it out when you came up. This is truth, so help me God! Don't you believe me, Caleb?"

Grayson shook his head, as he replied: "Would that I could, Harry; but as I hope to be saved, I saw you stab him; I did."

Harry clasped his hands together, as he asked, "And do you intend to swear to that? and to charge me with this deed?"

"There is no help for it, as I see," said Grayson. "The man is murdered. If you didn't murder him, who did? Answer me that."

As he spoke, he proceeded to examine the body, to see if it retained any signs of life; but it was rigid and motionless, with its open eyes staring at the sky, and the teeth hard set, as if the spirit had gone in agony. The knife had been driven so truly, that it must have passed directly through the heart, and the blood which had gushed from the wound, had already saturated the clothes through and through, and formed a small pool in the road.

"Harry Blake," said the old man, as he drew the knife from the wound, "this is a fearful deed, and the punishment is equally dreadful. You know that I am a magistrate, and must discharge my duty."

"And will you send me to prison on such a charge as this?" repeated Blake, bitterly.

The old man was silent.

"Did you ever know me to lie, Caleb," said he.

"Never, Harry, never."

"And do you think I'd lie now?"

"I don't know," replied Grayson, "I never before saw you when there was so great a risk hanging over you. Oh! Harry, Harry!" continued he, clasping his hands together, and looking at the young man, with an expression in which terror and sorrow were strongly blended,—"I had rather met any man than you, here. It will make many a sad heart in this neighborhood. Why did you not promise what Adams asked! or, rather, why did you leave us then!"

Blake shook his head, as he answered: "Caleb, what can I say more than I have! If I repeat what I have just told you, you will not believe me. I was coming along this road; heard the screams of this man; galloped to the spot, and found him dead, with a knife in his breast. I got off my horse to see what could be done for him, and was drawing out the knife when you came up. Had you been two minutes sooner, and I one minute later, I should have made the same charge against you, which you now make against me."

"But the cry—the words: 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!' He uttered your name."

"He did indeed," replied Blake, "he did, indeed; I heard it myself. But he did not say Harry *Blake*. Harry, you know, is not an unusual name."

"It may be—it may be," said Grayson, "but still we must deliver you up; and if you are innocent, God grant that you may prove yourself so; but unless my eyes deceive me, I saw you stab that man."

"If that is you belief, God help me!" said Blake, solemnly; "for you must be a witness against me. If I am charged with murder, such a fact sworn to would hang me. But you have not even looked for another murderer than me. He may be hid somewhere about here. Search in the bushes, and you may find him yet. I'll not stir."

With a strange reliance on the word of the man, whom they would not believe, when he asserted his innocence, they left him, and commenced a search along the road. And there stood the culprit motionless—making no attempt at escape, and watching them with an earnestness, only accounted for by the fact that on their success his life depended. At a short distance from the spot, and in a part of the bank, on the roadside, where Blake said that he had not been, there was a footprint. It was indistinct, but as far as could be judged, when compared with Blake's foot, it coincided in size and form. A little further on, was another, and also the marks of a struggle in the road. Here, too, were the same footprints; and these, too, in dimensions, corresponded with the foot of Blake.

"It's singularly like mine," said Blake, placing his foot on the track.

"It ought to be," said Walton, gravely; "unless your foot has altered its shape, within the last five minutes."

Blake made no reply to this insinuation, but stood looking with an expression of deep trouble at the footprint. In the meantime, the others continued their search up and down the road, and in the bushes. The marks of the struggle were numerous; but there was no trace of a murderer, other than Harry Blake. At last they both came out and stood in the road,

"Do you find nothing?" inquired Blake, earnestly.

Grayson shook his head, as he said: "I didn't expect to; but you wished me to look, Harry, and I had a hard duty to perform; and so I thought I'd humor you first. I knew it was useless."

"Well, well," said Blake; "everything goes sadly against me. You must do your duty. I am your prisoner.

"But," said he, seeing them moving to where the horses were, "what do you intend to do with *that?*" And he pointed to the dead body.

"Catch me a-touching it!" said Walton. "Caleb chose to pull the knife out of him. I wouldn't ha' done it. It's the crowner's business, that is. We'll send him here. Come, Harry. It isn't our fault—but you must come, you know."

Blake, without further remark, mounted his horse; and waiting until they were also on theirs, they rode off in company, taking the direction to the residence of the nearest magistrate, where, in due form, Harry Blake was delivered over to the mercy of the law, and arrangements were made for the removal of the body of Wickliffe.

CHAPTER II.

About five miles from the tavern mentioned in the last chapter, stood a spacious brick house, one story high, with low eaves extending within reach of the ground, and tall pointed windows, perched along its roof, as a substitute for second story lights. It was a venerable, grey, old house, which seemed to have dozed away, amid the great shadowy trees which crowded about it, becoming hoary and antiquated, yet retaining an air of substantial comfort. Creeping vines, of various kinds, clambered about the windows, and in fissures of the walls, forming a green mat over much of the roof, and stealing up the trunks of the old trees; which formed the home of many a bird, who peeped into the narrow windows, or mounted one of the topmost branches, which towered so high aloft, that its voice, as it poured forth its song, seemed carolling midway between earth and sky. A sequestered lane, crowded with trees, that drooped almost to a mounted horseman's head, led from the house to the highway, which was at least a half mile distant. Altogether, it was a rural, snug, dreamy old house; and in it was one of the snuggest rooms, fitted up with little knick-knacks rare in those days—with snowy windows and bed curtains, and a bed as white and snowy as the curtains, fit only to be occupied, as it was, by the most beautiful little fairy of a girl that one's eyes had ever rested on,—and that was Mary Lincoln.

At about eight o'clock, on the morning of the day succeeding that in which occurred the incidents narrated in the last chapter, and in the small room just mentioned, sat a very beautiful girl, with glossy, golden hair, engaged in sewing; though it must be confessed that her eye was more often wandering through the window, and along that deep vista-like lane, down which her window looked, than fixed upon her work; for it was nearly the hour at which Harry Blake usually contrived, on some pretext or other, to find his way to the house, to see how she was, and ask a few questions, and make a few remarks, the nature of which was best known to herself. That day, however, he was behind his time; but still she felt sure he would come. He had said nothing about it; but she expected him as much as if he had; and was endeavoring to select one out of half-a-dozen slightly coquettish ways of receiving him, which just then presented themselves to her mind. At first, she thought that she would keep him waiting for her—a very little time—just enough to make him more glad to see her, when she came; but then, she should be as much a sufferer as he; for, impatient as he might be below, she would be equally so above; so she abandoned that. Then she thought of taking her sewing in the wide hall, and of stationing herself on one of the old settees which garnished its sides, and that she would be there very leisurely at work, and, of course, would not see him until he came up and spoke to her; or, perhaps, might accidentally go out just as he was coming in. That, too, she abandoned; and then she fancied that she would stroll out and meet him in the lane; and, it must be confessed, that she inclined more towards this plan than either of the others; for she had accidentally met him in this way before; and on these occasions Harry always tied his horse to a tree, and walked with her to the house; and although the distance was short, they sometimes consumed a great deal of time in going it, and he had an opportunity of saying much which not unfrequently he was unable to say at the house; for her father was almost as fond of Harry as his daughter, and had so much to tell him about his crops, and about this thing and that, and so much to ask him, that he sometimes infringed upon time which Mary thought belonged exclusively to her; and although she endeavored to bear it cheerfully, yet at times she could not help thinking how snug and happy and comfortable the old gentleman would look, if he were only snoring away in the easy arm-chair which stood in the chimney corner, although it was but eight o'clock in the morning.

She threw aside her work, and was rising for the purpose of adopting this last plan, when she heard the dashing of hoofs in the lane. "It's too late," thought she, "but I'll keep him waiting," and down she sat, out of sight of the window, so that she could not see the new-comer, for she did not wish Harry should know that she had been watching for him. The noise of the hoofs increased; and the horseman dashed at full gallop to the door. This was not like Harry. He generally came fast enough along the road, but he did not gallop to the door like a madman. It was not respectful, and she would tell him so; still, he might be in a hurry. It argued a strong desire to see her, and that was some palliation. There was evidently a stir below, in front of the house, and she even heard his name mentioned. What could be going on there? She was dying to know. There was no way of learning, unless she went to the window, so as to look over the projecting eaves of the house; and then she could be seen. No, no; she would not do that. Still the stir increased, and she caught the sound of voices in earnest conversation; but Harry's voice was not among them. She could hold out no longer. She drew a chair near the window, and stood on it, at some distance from the glass; but still the envious eaves projected so as to shut out all view of what was going on below. It was too bad!—but see she must. She then went close to the window. But even there, nothing was visible; for the speakers were close under the house, and not even the smallest tip-end of the coat skirt of one of them was visible. Poor Mary! she stood on tiptoe, and even on the chair, but still those unlucky eaves thrust themselves between her and the object of her wishes. She went back to her chair, and sat herself down, wondering why they built such ungainly old eaves and cornices, which were fit only to annoy people, and wondering why no one came to tell her that Harry was there, and wanted her. He was uncommonly patient that day—provokingly so. Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed. There was something like a tear in her eye; for she certainly was very ill-used. She threw her work from her, and determined to go down to him, but to make him pay up for his backwardness. Opening the door, she went to the head of the stairs, and assuming as careless an air as if there were no Harry Blake in the world, was going down them, when the voice of her father, who was standing below, arrested her.

"Don't come down here, Mary," said he.

There was something in the tone of his voice, and in his manner, and even in this injunction, that caused Mary to stop, as if she did not understand him.

"Go to your own room, my child: we are very busy here."

Mary half turned to go, for she saw that he was much agitated; but as she did so, the name of Harry escaped her lips.

"He is not here," said her father.

"Has anything happened to him?" asked she, in a faint voice.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man. "He's in trouble; but he is well. Go to your room, and I will be with you in a few moments."

Mary got to her room, she scarcely knew how, and threw herself on her bed, drowned in tears. "He's well—thank God for that," sobbed she. "I am sure I'm very grateful that he's not ill—very grateful—poor Harry—in trouble, too, and I, like a good-for-nothing minx, as I was, have been thinking all the morning of nothing but teasing him. He was too good for me. They all told me so—so patient, so kind, so good-humored—and I—I'll never forgive myself—I never will—never!" She buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed there, until the door opened, and she felt her father's arm around her.

He raised her, folded her tenderly to his bosom, and placed her in a chair.

"Courage, Mary, courage, my little girl," said he, in a tone which certainly was not a model of what he recommended. "Show yourself to be a woman."

"Yes, yes, father, I will, I will," said she, and by way of verifying her words, she threw her arms about his neck, and wept more bitterly than before.

"Come, come, my dear little girl," said he, in a tremulous voice; "sit down, and hear what I have to tell you."

As he spoke, he again placed her in the chair, and took her hand.

"If you are not able to listen to me now, I will defer what I have to say to another time," said he.

He probably could not have hit upon a better method of recalling his daughter, who had no small spice of curiosity in her nature, and who just then recollected that she knew nothing definite of the evil which threatened Harry Blake.

"I can hear it now, father," said she eagerly. "Tell me at once, what has happened to him, and where he is."

"He has been arrested, and is in prison," said the old man, watching her pale face, as she sat with her eyes fastened on his, and the tears still on her cheeks.

"Is that all?" said she, in a half whisper. "Tell me all—why is he there?"

"He has been arrested on a very serious charge," said the old man slowly, and by his manner endeavoring to prepare her for the communication he had to make.

"Will it affect his life?" demanded she, at once catching at the heaviest punishment of the law. "Will it affect his life? Tell me that."

"If it is proved, it will," replied the old man.

"What is it? what is it?" said the girl, rising and grasping his arm. "Father, tell me, I charge you, and on your word, tell me truly."

Her father put his arms around her, and strained her to his bosom, and looked in her face without speaking, until she repeated her question. Then he said, in a scarcely audible voice,

"He stands accused of murder."

"Murder!" ejaculated she, faintly, whilst her hands fell to her side. "Charged with murder! Why, Harry Blake would not harm a worm."

She extricated herself from him, made something like a step, and had not her father caught her, would have fallen. She had fainted.

The old man hugged her to his bosom again and again, kissed her lips and cheeks, and called her by name.

"I knew it would kill her! I said it would kill her! My own dear, darling little girl. Mary, Mary, speak to your old father! She's dead! She's dead!"

Fortunately the noise made by Mr. Lincoln reached some of the females of the house, who better understood the mode of administering to her illness. But it was not until he saw her eyes open, and the faint color once more in her cheek, that Mr. Lincoln could be induced to quit the room.

When she recovered, Mary was willful, for once in her life. In spite of all that they could say, she insisted that her father should have the horses harnessed to the wagon, and drive her to the prison where Harry was. They argued and entreated; they spoke of her ill health, of the danger to herself; but it was idle. She said that they were all against Harry; that he was innocent; that he declared himself so; that she believed him, and that go she *would*, if she went on her bare feet, that he might see that she at least was still true to him.

At last they yielded to her importunity, and she took her seat at her father's side. How unlike the light-hearted girl she had been but a few hours before. During the whole drive she spoke not a word, but appeared so calm, and comparatively so cheerful, that her father kept equally silent, until they stopped in front of the gloomy old building in which the prisoner was confined.

As she entered his room, and caught sight of him, she sprang forward, and clasping her arms about his neck, wept like a child; and he, throwing his powerful arms about her, and clasping her to his bosom, kissed her cheeks and lips in a strange passion of joy and grief.

"I am come, Harry, I am come," said she at last. "I have not deserted you."

"Dearest Mary, you, at least, believe me innocent?" said he, in a low, earnest voice, holding her off from him, so that he could look in her face; but without relaxing his hold on her waist.

"Yes, yes, I do, I do! I never doubted it for a moment. But O! Harry, this is very dreadful—very dreadful. What will become of your poor little Mary, if any harm should befall you? But we won't talk of that," said she quickly; for she observed that her words sent a sort of spasmodic shivering over him. "We won't talk of it, nor think of it. I'll come to see you every day, Harry, and will spend all the time I can with you, and we'll be quite merry and cheerful here; and I can fix up your room, and do many little things to make everything neat and comfortable here; and I'll tell you the news, and will read and sing to you—Harry," said she, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking up in his face, "I'll sing the song you asked for yesterday, when I was vexed, and refused. I'll sing it for you now, dear Harry—I will—I'll never refuse it again. Shall I sing it, Harry? Shall I, dear Harry? A painful, sickly smile flickered across her face; a single feeble word, the first of the song, like the faint warbling of a dying bird, escaped her lips, and she sank senseless on his breast.

"Take her away! Take her away!" exclaimed Blake, frantically, holding her out in his arms towards her father. "Unless you would drive me mad, take her away!"

The old man seemed stupefied, but he mechanically reached out his arms towards her; but Blake again caught her to his bosom, and kissed her neck, face, hands, and even the long tresses that fell across his face; and then reaching to her father, said, "There, go, go; don't stop another instant."

Mr. Lincoln took the frail form of his child in his arms, and moved to the door.

"One word, Mr. Lincoln," said Harry; "one word before we part. Whatever the result of this accusation may be, even though it end in my—death—I am innocent. The time will come when I am proved so; and O! I beseech, if I lose my life, that you will protect my memory with Mary."

The next instant he was alone; and throwing himself upon a chair, he sat, with his face buried between his hands, until aroused by the entrance of the lawyer who had been retained by his friends; and who now came to consult with him as to the steps requisite for the management of his defense.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The moral greatness, that, in his own words, "scorns all meanness and defies all peril, and espouses as its own the interests of human nature," impelled Dr. Channing to be present with, and stand by Dr. Follen, his friend, and the friend of freedom and of man, when that true philanthropist appeared before a committee of the legislature of Massachusetts, in March, 1836, to endeavor to avert from the abolitionists of the commonwealth any legislative action or censure to their prejudice, consequent upon an intimation in the annual message of Governor Everett, that, in the opinion of some gentlemen of the legal profession, the doctrines or doings of the abolitionists were indictable at common law. The mere presence of Dr. Channing on that occasion, with all his obvious indications of bodily infirmity, even though "he opened not his mouth," did not a little to encourage the friends of the freedom of speech and of the press, and overawe those who, at that time, both in high places and in low, were lifting up their hands against it.

Nor was this spirit of moral heroism one that came upon Dr. Channing by spasms, and only at long intervals—a spirit whose visits were like those of angels, "short and far between." It was an angel that gave him his constant presence, and ministered to him as often as he had need. Two years after the scene to which I have last alluded, when in a free State, a minister of Christ had been shot down as a wolf is shot, while he was standing in defense of his own printing press, against the minions of slavery, our reverend and now departed friend placed his name at the head of a petition to the city authorities that Faneuil Hall—the cradle of American liberty—might be thrown open, that he and his friends—and all the friends of freedom and of man, who felt that the cause of liberty in all parts of our land had been assailed and perilled, might go in, and express their indignation at the outrage, and their sympathy with the martyr's mourning friends. Did he put his name first upon that petition, under the impression that it was to be a popular request? Did he think that the request would be granted by acclamation, and that the great mass of the citizens of Boston, headed by the magistracy, would throng to that hall, and make its thick walls tremble with the thunder of indignation, at the violence done to others' rights, and of alarm for their own? The reader of some future history of the "Decline and Fall of American Liberty," will not need the manuscript from which I now read, to inform him, that so far from Dr. Channing's having been complimented in being made the mouthpiece of the multitudinous mass, in heading that petition to the authorities of Boston, his name was followed by only one hundred and ten citizens, and that then his petition was denied. Yes; to the low, sad wail of sympathy—to freedom's holy cause—to the purest and most eloquent advocate of the claims of humanity that has shed an unfading lustre upon his age and his race—that petition was denied! The martyr, in this case, was an abolitionist. The petitioner was an abolitionist. Most of the names that followed Dr. Channing's, were names of abolitionists. The petition was denied.* And this was not five years ago—not five years before the whole city was moved to clothe herself in sackcloth, and throw ashes upon her head, and sit down in the dust and weep, because her favorite son—the son who was her greatest glory—had been taken from her arms by death. Nay, I must not stop here. It is not three years yet, since his own church was asked for, by his friends and the friends of the loved and lamented Dr. Follen, that a eulogium upon that distinguished philanthropist might be pronounced in it by a mutual friend, a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, in whom no one, who knows him, ever doubted that there dwells much of his Master's spirit; and that church was refused.† Let any one read the discourse of Dr. Channing upon the death of Dr. Follen; let him see how deeply the speaker sympathized with the subject of that discourse in his all-embracing philanthropy, and especially in his interest in the poor, despised slaves of the United States; let him see how thoroughly he understood the character of Dr. Follen, and how intimately his spirit was fused into the spirit of his lost friend—and see if he can help exclaiming with the Jews, when their common Master was weeping at the grave of Lazarus, "Behold, how he loved him!" If these kindred spirits, that were so near to each other in this world, are permitted to commune together in the world to which they are now both gone; if they are permitted to feel an interest in those whom they both loved and labored for here; and, themselves unseen, to see what scenes are passing here below;—as they looked down together from their holy heights, upon the throng that, ten days ago, gathered within and around the church in which they both had worshipped in life, and which had been, for both of them, "the gate of heaven";—as they saw how intent were all the mournful crowd to listen to the solemn dirge, and the voice of prayer, and the words of sorrow and exhortation that burst from the speaker's stricken heart,—as they saw how eager was every one to catch one more view of the sleeper's calm, cold face, before it should be shut from the eyes of all by the doors of the tomb—may we not suppose that the spirit of him that first put on its immortality may say to his friend, "Do those men remember, that not three years ago, that church was refused to your friends and mine, when asked for, that one, whom we both loved, might come into it and speak one word in remembrance of me—one word of solace to my wife and child?"

It is no pleasure to me, my brethren, to bring back to your minds the remembrance of these events. I do it not for my pleasure or for yours. I have a different and a double object in it. First, that all who are in office, whether in the State or the Church, may be brought to consider how unwise it is in them, when called to act, either in a public or a private station, to allow a momentary heat—a popular clamor—a temporary prejudice or excitement of the public mind, against any particular individual, class, or interest, to drown the clear, strong voice of duty and right, and to overpower the claims of truth, freedom, and humanity—by whomsoever the truth may be spoken; for whomsoever freedom may be vindicated, or *in* whomsoever humanity may be wronged. I would, if possible, persuade men in office, as well as others, to consider always, and in all their official acts, that there is a day coming, after to-day—that in that coming day, to-day's heats, and hates, and all its passions, will have passed away, but that its *records* will remain; and that they, or their children, may live to see the time when it will be neither a pleasure nor an honor to them, to look back upon and read what is written down by the firm and incorruptible hand of Truth, in the records of to-day. And, secondly, I recall to your minds the facts of which I have spoken, because they show most demonstrably that Dr. Channing was always to be found by the side of the few, when he saw that they were wronged by the many,—that he stooped to the down-trodden and despised, that he might set them on their feet. In the spirit of Him who took not hold of angels, but took hold of the seed of Abraham, that he might lift them up, he sympathized with the lowly and toil-worn, with the intemperate, the imprisoned, and the enslaved. In every man he recognized a brother; and remembered that that brother had a soul as immortal, if not as exalted, as his own. And now, the fruits of this sympathy are daily becoming more and more scattered over all lands where the English tongue is read. His essays on "Self Culture," and on "The Elevation of the Laboring Classes," and others of a kindred spirit, are now thrown broadcast, and in a cheap form, through the manufacturing districts of England, and are read by the operatives there, perhaps as extensively as by the same class among his own countrymen; while his several tracts and letters on slavery are read—yea, and felt—by those in our own wide land who stand around, and as yet defend that "institution," so guilty in itself, and so destructive to the best interests—the wealth, the freedom, the morals, and the religion, of every land that is darkened by its baleful shadow.

By his sympathy with the slave—by his interest in the redemption of the colored race from the chains that cruelly gall them at the South, and from the prejudice and contempt that gall them little less cruelly at the North, I know that Dr. Channing was compelled to make sacrifices. The sunshine on the faces of the fashionable and the aristocratic grew cold when he looked on them, after his first letter to Mr. Birney; and though they dared not, on that account, openly renounce him, yet he saw that, all around him, among those who once flattered and caressed him, which plainly told him that they wished he would mind his own business, and let the slaves alone. Yes; he made sacrifices of temporal good. But it was wise in him to make them. It was wise and prudent in him to lay such an offering upon such an altar; for by it he secured eternal good. The thanksgivings of liberated millions, that, even yet, have not heard of his name, will be a rich reward for all the real coldness, and all the affected contempt which his nobly-manifested sympathies for the slave have ever brought upon him. Then, the peace of his own soul, which he secured by his labors both for the slave and the slaveholder—for he seems to have rightly considered the slaveholder as more fearfully needing the interposition of a divine compassion in his behalf, than even the slave himself—this "exceeding peace" of his own soul—how well may that have been bought, at the price of all that he paid for it.

It is matter of lively gratitude to God, in the estimation of all who sympathized with Dr. Channing as an abolitionist, that his very last public effort was in behalf of the bondman. I refer to his address at Lenox, on the first of last August, in commemoration of the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. Even his own spirit seems to have been more perfectly emancipated from the dread of the conservatism, and the enthralling conventionalisms of society, while preparing this address, than it ever was before. Here, his whole soul seems to speak as if conscious that it was soon to leave the world, and as if it had said to itself, "For once I speak out before I go." Read that address, my friends, and see in it the last offering of its author's soul upon the altar of his country and of man.—Read it; and let your own spirits burn in the fire you catch from his. Read it; and see from it how safe it is to do right, under the government of a righteous and an Almighty God. Read it; and learn, if you have not yet learned, to withhold obedience to a law of man, when it comes in conflict with a law of God; yea, though that law be based upon a solemn but unholy compact between sovereign States. Learn from it that the Constitution of *man*, as man, is of higher authority than the Constitution of the United States. Speaking of slavery, he says: "Most unhappily there are provisions of the Constitution bin